

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NO. 1,

CONTAINING A CHOICE SELECTION OF

POETICAL AND PROSE RECITATIONS,

DESIGNED FOR USE

IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By J. B. RYAN,

PRINCIPAL OF THE LYONS SCHOOL, LYONS, ILL.

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BY

J. B. RYAN.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this little volume to the public, I am actuated by a sincere desire to assist pupils who encounter so many difficulties in finding something suitable for Friday afternoon recitations.

There are already many books of this class in print, but I may safely assert that this work differs materially from any similar one that has come under my notice, viz.: It contains nothing that may not be used with good results in the schoolroom.

Experience in educational matters, extending over a period of twenty years, has given me special opportunities for selecting pieces suitable to the wants of pupils in our common schools.

No elocutionary rules are given, the author believing that mere arbitrary rules can afford but very little aid to the pupil, and that in no way can elocution be so successfully taught as by the living voice of the teacher.

I regret that limited space forbids the introduction of many other pieces of especial merit; but trusting this little book may answer the purpose for which it is intended, it is given to the public.

J. B. RYAN.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Land of Liberty.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 7
God Bless our School.....	<i>Anon.</i> 8
Goldenhair.....	<i>F. B. Smith.</i> 9
Our National Banner.....	<i>Everett.</i> 10
Bachelor's Sale.....	<i>Anon.</i> 11
School Begins To-Day.....	<i>Anon.</i> 12
Our Country's Honor.....	<i>Webster.</i> 14
In School Days.....	<i>Whittier.</i> 14
Half-way Doin's.....	<i>Irwin Russell.</i> 16
No Mortgage on the Farm.....	<i>J. H. Yates.</i> 17
Theology in Quarters.....	<i>J. A. Macon.</i> 19
True Life.....	<i>Mrs. C. H. Gildersleeve.</i> 20
The Last Hymn.....	<i>M. Farningham.</i> 21
Village Bell.....	<i>Anon.</i> 23
Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud.....	<i>Wm. Knox.</i> 25
Good Reading.....	<i>Anon.</i> 27
Spelling Down.....	<i>W. Clifford.</i> 28
Reverie in Church.....	<i>Geo. A. Baker.</i> 31
School Statistics.....	<i>Anon.</i> 33
Our Country's Greatest Evil.....	<i>Henry Wilson.</i> 34
Aunt Doleful's Visit.....	<i>Mary Kyle Dallas.</i> 37
Beautiful Snow.....	<i>Watson.</i> 36
Song of the Camp.....	<i>B. Taylor.</i> 40
Learning to Pray.....	<i>M. E. Dodge.</i> 39
Geography Demon.....	<i>Anon.</i> 42
Monument to Washington.....	<i>R. C. Winthrop.</i> 44
Mother's Fool.....	<i>Anon.</i> 45
Centennial Hymn.....	<i>J. G. Whittier.</i> 46
Measuring the Baby.....	<i>Anon.</i> 48
The Old Man in the Model Church.....	<i>J. H. Yates.</i> 49
Waiting by the Gate.....	<i>Bryant.</i> 51
The Ghost.....	<i>Anon.</i> 53
Leedle Yawcob Strauss.....	<i>C. F. Adams.</i> 55
The Old Man in the Palace Car.....	<i>J. H. Yates.</i> 57
The Owl Critic.....	<i>J. T. Fields.</i> 58
The Polish Boy.....	<i>Ann S. Stephens.</i> 60
Over the River.....	<i>Miss Nancy Priest.</i> 64
Stand by the Flag.....	<i>J. Holt.</i> 65
Miss Edith Helps Things Along.....	<i>Bret Harte.</i> 67
Darkey's Counsel to the Newly Married.....	<i>E. Kirke.</i> 68
Gabe Tucker's Remarks.....	<i>From Scribner's.</i> 69

	PAGE.
Poor Little Joe.....	<i>Peleg Arkwright.</i> 70
Our Honored Dead.....	<i>H. W. Beecher.</i> 72
Waiting for the Children.....	<i>Anon.</i> 74
The East and the West.....	<i>Lyman Beecher.</i> 77
Only an Emigrant.....	<i>Anon.</i> 78
Curfew Must not Ring To-Night.....	<i>Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.</i> 79
The Diver.....	<i>Schiller.</i> 82
Brother Watkins.....	<i>J. B. Gough.</i> 87
Mine Family.....	<i>Yawcob Strauss.</i> 90
The Survivors of Bunker Hill.....	<i>Webster.</i> 89
The Lost Heir.....	<i>Hood.</i> 91
Little Paul.....	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i> 95
Little Jim.....	96
The Old Forsaken Schoolhouse.....	<i>J. H. Yates.</i> 98
The Old Ways and the New.....	<i>J. H. Yates.</i> 100
Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.....	<i>W. M. Carleton.</i> 103
Shores of Tennessee.....	<i>E. L. Beers.</i> 106
You Put no Flowers on Papa's Grave.....	<i>C. E. L. Holmes.</i> 109
The Old Reading Class.....	<i>W. Carleton.</i> 110
St. Patrick's Martyrs.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 113
Order for a Picture.....	<i>Alice Cary.</i> 114
Sockery Setting a Hen.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 117
Cauch O'Leary.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 119
Number One.....	<i>Hood.</i> 121
Deutsche Advertisement.....	<i>C. T. Wolfe.</i> 123
Her Letter.....	<i>Bret Harte.</i> 124
Selling the Farm.....	<i>Beth Day.</i> 126
Aux Italiens.....	<i>E. B. Lytton.</i> 130
Nations and Humanity.....	<i>G. W. Curtis.</i> 134
Left on the Battlefield.....	<i>Sarah T. Bolton.</i> 136
Schlausheimer Don't Conciliate.....	<i>Von Boyle.</i> 137
Driving Home the Cows.....	<i>Kate B. Osgood.</i> 138
The Famine.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i> 140
The Vagabonds.....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge.</i> 145
Irish Woman's Letter.....	<i>Anon.</i> 148
Cuddle Doon.....	<i>Anderson.</i> 149
Emmett's Vindication.....	150
She Wanted an Epitaph.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 152
Address to a Skeleton.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 155
The Picket-Guard.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 156
Responsibility of Americans.....	<i>Joseph Story.</i> 157
Mahrs John.....	159
Petit Jean.....	<i>Mary A. Barr.</i> 161
Eugene Aram's Dream ..	<i>Thomas Hood.</i> 163
Mona's Waters.....	169
The Sioux Chief's Daughter.....	<i>Joaquin Miller.</i> 173
Romance of a Hammock.....	176
Cleopatra's Dream ..	178
Extract from the Last Days of Herculaneum.....	<i>Edwin Atherton.</i> 182
Lasca.....	<i>F. Desprez.</i> 186
An Idyl of the Period.....	<i>Geo. A. Baker.</i> 189
The Scholar's Mission.....	<i>George Putman.</i> 191

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine, and her storms ;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast ;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flow'ry dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild birds' merry tone,
I hear from morn till night ;
And there are lovelier flowers I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
All have their charms for me ;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,
"The land of LIBERTY."

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

About the room the Christmas greens
In rich profusion hung,
While sparkling in their gilded dress
Those graceful vines among,
Were fitting mottoes wrought with care,
Each with its wealth of good,
And *this* of all that decked those walls
The children's favorite stood—
"God bless our school."

It glittered in the morning sun
In characters of gold,
As beautiful at noontide hour,
Like truth that ne'er grows old ;
What though the storms were fierce without,
With low-hung clouds of gloom,
A halo crowned those sacred words,
Its radiance filled the room—
"God bless our school."

Once to my side a fair young child
Came with her eyes of blue,
So full of light and innocence,
Pure thoughts were there, I knew.
"Teacher," said she, "I wonder so
If it can really be,
That God who lives high up above
Looks down from heaven to see
And bless our school."

O what a fitting time to teach
A sweet and holy truth,
To leave its impress deep engraved
Upon the mind of youth !
I took the little hand in mine,
Gazed in that childish face,
And told how He whose watchful love
Abides in every place,
Could bless our school ;

And how not e'en a sparrow's fall,
Not e'en a raven's cry,
Though small they seem, could e'er escape
The notice of His eye.
The child-face glowed with happy smiles,
"Ah! now I know," said she,
"If God loves e'en the little birds,
He surely cares for me,
And all our school."

O ye! unto whose tender care
These little ones are given,
Spurn not the thoughtful questionings,
But turn their hearts to heaven.
And when ye twine about your rooms
The rich festoons of green,
There place among those graceful vines
These golden words to gleam—
"God bless our school."

GOLDEN HAIR.

GOLDEN HAIR sat on her grandfather's knee ;
Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Flitting about till the coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head ;
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one ;
"I cannot tell, so much things have I done ;
Played with my dolly, and feeded my 'bun.'

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And then I made, out of water and soap,
Bustle worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture-book ;
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stone by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee ;
And I'm jes as tired as tired can be."

Nearer and nearer the little head pressed,
Until it dropped upon grandfather's breast ;
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest !

We are but children ; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for the day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play.

And oh ! when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink, like an innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

F. B. SMITH.

OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

1. All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart,
and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall
be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied
glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol,
on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, and
on the wave-rocked topmast.

2. Wherever on the earth's surface, the eye of the
American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless
it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom

have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar.

3. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and the pride of the American heart.

4. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across the continent, and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace forever follow where it leads the way.—*Everett*.

THE BACHELOR SALE.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And, in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,
'Twas cruel injustice and horrid abuse—
And declared that to save their hearts' blood from
spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,
So they set all the bachelors up at vendue.

A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
And to cry out to all he might meet on his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"

And presently all the old maids of the town,—
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,—
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.

The auctioneer, then, in his labor began;
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
“How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?”
In a twink, every maiden responded, “I—I!”

In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,
And forty old maidens—some younger, some older—
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

SCHQOL BEGINS TO-DAY.

I'm glad vacation's over, and school is called again!
For thirteen weeks my romping boys have crazed their
 mother's brain;
For thirteen weeks I've counted the sultry days away—
I'm glad vacation's over, and school begins to-day.

They say that teachers cannot teach, that scholars cannot learn,
Thro' all the days of summer—the days that fairly burn;
I wonder if they ever ask how mothers get along
With romping boys who find their joys in doing something wrong.

There's John, and Joe, and Jimmy—their clothes were nearly new
When they came home from school that day, and said the term was through;
Now John, and Joe, and Jimmy, with sun-brown hands and feet,
Come in at night about the plight of beggars on the street.

There is no order in the house; I cannot find a thing;
The drawers are tumbled upside down with six hands
 hunting string;
The chairs are always in a row; the whole house fairly
 jars
With Jimmy jumping off and on, to run his train of cars.

My bran-new carving knife I found out in the grass,
 where Joe
Had used it making arrows for Jimmy's little bow;
And John came home from fishing—came whistling
 through the gate—
With father's best tobacco box filled up with worms for
 bait.

The hens have had a frightful time the whole vacation
 through;
They could not hide a nest away, the best that they
 could do;
I heard the rooster crow this morn; to me it seemed to
 say
"I'm glad vacation's over, and school begins to-day!"

"All work" they say, "without some play, makes Jack
 a stupid boy."
Well, that's a good old adage, and gives the urchin joy;
But if the man who wrote it lived now and owned
 a son,
He'd sit up late and scratch his pate, to write a different
 one.

There, there, I'm not complaining! Tho' weary of the
 noise,
I love, as mothers only can, my rattling, romping boys;
And I shall watch for four o'clock through every com-
 ing day,
When I can see my darlings out in the yard at play.

I've one dear boy now sleeping beneath the summer sod;
He took a long vacation when he went home to God.

When life's rough school is over, I'll meet him by
and by,
Where the grave never hides our treasures, and the
dear ones never die.

OUR COUNTRY'S HONOR OUR OWN.

1. I profess to feel a strong attachment to the liberty of the United States—to the Constitution and free institutions of the United States—to the honor, and I may say the glory, of this great government and great country.

2. I feel every injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own.

3. I know that, at this moment, there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great Republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of Republican liberty.

4. We are on a hill and can not be hid. We can not withdraw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which half a century ago was predicted as making its way westward.

5. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, making its way athwart the whole heavens, to the enlightening and cheering of mankind; and not a meteor of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

—*Webster.*

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
An idle beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats;
The jack-knives' carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the wall,
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes.
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed,
When all the rest were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled—
His cap pulled low upon his face,
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, she lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;

Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament his triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

Belubbed fellow-trabelers, in holden forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say;
De sermon will be berry short, an' dis here am de tex':
Dat *half-way* doin's ain't no 'count in dis worl' nor de
nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton row,
Where ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
An' ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up de crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters of de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin' jus' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you suppose dey could eber hab succeeded in dere
wish,

And reached de promised land at last, if they had stopped
to fish?

My frien's, dere was a garden once, where Adam libbed
wid Eve,

Wid no one roun' to bodder dem, no nabors for to
thieve;

An ebery day was Christmas, an' dey had dere rations
free,

An' eberyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story,—how de snake come
snookin' 'round,

A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de ground,
How Eve an' Adam ate de fruit, an' went an' hid dere
face,

Till de angel oberseer came an' drove dem off de place.
 Now, s'pose dis man an' 'ooman, too, hadn't 'tempted
 for to shirk,
 But had gone about dere gardenin', an' 'tended to dere
 work,
 Dey wouldn't have been loafin, wher dey had no busi-
 ness to,
 An' de debble nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what
 to do.

No *half-way doin's*, bredren, 'twill nebber do, I say!
 Go at your task, an' finish it, an' den's de time to play;
 For even if de crap is good, de rain will spoil de bolls,
 Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.
 Keep a-plowin', an a-hoein', an a-scrapin ob de rows;
 An' when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you
 owes;
 But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
 De sheriff' gwine to lehy upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber you's a-dribin at, be sure an' dribe it i'ro',
 An' don't let nothin' stop you, but *do* what you's gwine
 to do;
 For when you see a nigger foolin', den, sure as you are
 born,
 You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de
 horn.

NO MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

Mary, let's kill the fatted calf, and celebrate this day,
 For the last dreadful mortgage on the farm is wiped
 away.
 I have got the papers with me, they are right as right
 can be,
 Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear old farm
 is free.

Don't all we Yankees celebrate the Fourth day of July?

Because 'twas then that freedom's sun lit up our nation's
sky;
Why shouldn't we then celebrate, and this day ne'er
forget?
Where is there any freedom like being out of debt?

I've riz up many mornin's an hour before the sun,
And night has overtaken me before the task was done;
When weary with my labor 'twas this thought that
nerved my arm;
Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage on the
farm.

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowin' to the
shore,
By takin' eggs and butter to the little village store;
You did not spend the money in dressin' up for show,
But sang from morn till evening in your faded calico.

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her loving
heart!
The lad that gets her for a wife must be by nater
smart,—
She's gone without piano, her lonely hours to charm,
To have a hand in payin' off the mortgage on the farm.

I'll build a little cottage, soon, to make your heart
rejoice,
I'll buy a good piano to go with Bessie's voice;
You shall not make your butter with that up and down
concern,
For I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent
churn.

Lay by your faded calico, and go with me to town,
And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining gown;
Low prices for our produce need not give us now alarm;
Spruce up a little, Mary, there's no mortgage on the
farm.

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not
forget
To thank the God of heaven for being out of debt;
For he gave the rain and sunshine, and put strength
into my arm,
And lengthened out the days to see no mortgage on
the farm.

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

BY J. A. MACON.

Now I'se got a notion in my head dat when you come
to die,
And stand de 'zamination in the cote house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat the angel's gwine
to ax,
When he gets you on de witness stand and pins you to
de fax,
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in
de night,
An' de water-million question's gwine to bodder you a
sight!

Den your eyes'll open wider den dey eber done befo'.
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scape dat happened
long ago!
De angels on de picket-line erlong de milky way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin'
what you say:
No matter what you want do, no matter whar you's
gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;
An' of'en at the meetin', when you make a fuss an'
laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den, de angel in de ofis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look, an' claps it on de
slate!

Den you better do your juty well, an' keep your con-
science clear,
An' keep a-lookin straight ahead an' watchin' whar
you steer;
'Cause arter 'while de time'll come to journey fum de
lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on
de stan'.
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk, an' answer mighty
straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate.

TRUE LIFE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

A dreamer sat beneath a vine,
Which clambered o'er a ruined pile,
He grasped the' blossoms, drank the wine
Which Fancy offered with a smile,
The buds, so perfumed, breathed of Fame;
The cup was bright as youth's first trust,—
But Time went by,—forgot his name,—
The cup and flowers turned to dust.

A painter famished by his art,
Ground out his blood for dyes more fair—
He grasped his brush, then with a start,
He cried, "'Tis Fame!" but death was there.
With cunning skill the sculptor wrought,
Till life seemed starting from his hand;
He thought 'twas Fame, Time said 'twas nought,
And turned his marble into sand.

A soldier fought in many lands,
He spent his life in battles wild,—
And slept at last. No loving hands
Of saddened friend, or wife, or child,
Closed down his eyes. He lived for Fame—
Dreamed it was bliss. His dreams are o'er;

He left on earth no other name
Than his poor orphaned children bore.

A teacher toiled with God-sent light,
To raise from earth, and earthly mold,
The children's souls, and guide them right,—
Nor toiled for fame, nor yet for gold,
But led the erring back to truth;
And raised the sordid—made them men,—
Then died to earth—received a crown—
While angel voices sang,—Amen.

THE LAST HYMN.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted
west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed
boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was
raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of
the air—
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them till they thun-
dered, groaned, and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs en-
tombbed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of
Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling
awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast
upon the shore
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done here-
tofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave
woman strained her eyes,
As she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must
be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such
a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and
thronged the beach,
Oh, for power to cross the waters, and the perishing to
reach!
Helpless hands were wrung in terror, tender hearts
grew cold with dread,
And the ship urged by the tempest to the fatal rock-
shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her
goes down!
God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those
who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with
terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck
tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power
on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet,
shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered
what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah,
no.
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of
woe.
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus!
Can you hear?"

And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters
loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of my
soul,'"

And the winds brought back the echo, "While the
nearer waters roll."

Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of
life is past,"

Singing bravely o'er the waters, "Oh, receive my soul
at last."

He could have no other refuge, "Hangs my helpless
soul on thee."

"Leave, oh! leave me not"—the singer dropped at last
into the sea.

And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes
by tears made dim,

Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that
hymn."

THE VILLAGE BELL.

High up in the tower of the old moss-covered church,
which the winds and storms of many years have beaten
against, hangs the village bell. How many times it has
been rung in merriment and rejoicing, in sadness and
mourning! And yet it is as faithful as if it had not stood
sentinel over the little country town for half a century.

Fifty years! How long, and yet how short! In that
time the little churchyard has been filled. The sleepers
listened to the sound of the old bell in the days that are
gone; and when they passed away, it tolled sadly and
solemnly, as they were carried,—lovingly, regretfully,
through the old gate-way,—and silently laid down to
their calm, sweet rest.

What a long, undisturbed rest it is! They hear not
the tones of the old bell, as it tells that still another is
being brought out to sleep with them, under the green
mounds that mark their resting-place. Is it sounding

an invitation from those already there, saying, with its hollow voice, "Come, rest with us?" Is it sending up to the Great White Throne a deep-toned, agonized prayer from those who stand weeping by the open grave, supplicating, "God—help—us?" Is it the voice of the departed calling from the other shore, "Come to me?" Which is it? Who can tell?

We all know its solemn tolling sends a sorrowful thrill to our hearts. Are we laughing? The laugh goes out on our lips at the thought of the anguished father, or mother, or sister, or brother—the lonely-hearted, desolate husband or wife. God help them at such a time! It may be that He sends such terrible dispensations to show us how infinite is His power. As we listen we cannot help thinking in our hearts, and the words form themselves slowly with its deep sound of the old bell, "Will—it—be—my—turn—next?" Sometimes its tones seem almost human, so readily do we assimilate them with our own emotions.

It is a calm, beautiful morning—a lovely, sunshiny Sabbath morning—and our hearts are filled with solemn gratitude to the Great Giver. It is inviting us to come and worship. We fancy its loud, regular double strokes say, "Praise God! praise God!" Its tones seem to be inspired with the sacredness of its holy mission.

It is evening; and just while twilight is stealing over us, the bell's mellow tones come floating down, and thrill through our hearts, wandering in and out, till they grow faint and low, like the sweet, soft music of an *Æolian* harp. How merrily it is ringing a welcome to the happy young bride and bridegroom! They are just coming up the aisle, the admired of all the simple, honest villagers assembled to witness their joy. His frank, manly face is bent down above her, and her eyes are raised trustfully to his. What a perfect shower of music the bell is making! What a glad, joyous ring!

The day fades away. It is night, and then day again. Hark! What sound is that? What has so changed the tones of the old bell? Last night it was ringing in loud rejoicing; to-day it is slowly tolling, tolling, like great,

deep, half-suppressed sobs. What a dreary sadness steals over us as we listen to its muffled sound! Another friend has passed away. The form, lately so full of life and gaiety, is now cold and still in death; and now, in the beautiful springtime, the setting sun casts a golden, warm, and mellow light on the heavy sod that covers her breast, and the villagers sorrowfully mourn a loved one.

Every inhabitant of the village will tell you what the old bell is to him. Every peal awakens a responsive heartbeat in our breasts, for the recollection of half a century is sweetened by hallowed memories.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blest,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;

26 OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would
shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will
come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim's road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

GOOD READING.

There is one accomplishment in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. I stop to particularize this, because it is a thing very much neglected, and because it is such an elegant and charming accomplishment. Where one person is really interested by music, twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skillful musician, twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent, there are twenty for that of good reading.

The culture of the voice necessary for reading well, gives a delightful charm to the same voice in conversation. Good reading is the natural exponent and vehicle of all good things. It is the most effective of all commentaries upon the works of genius. It seems to bring dead authors to life again, and makes us sit down familiarly with the great and good of all ages.

Did you ever notice what life and power the Holy Scriptures have when well read? Have you ever heard of the wonderful effects produced by Elizabeth Fry on the criminals of Newgate, by simply reading to them the parable of the Prodigal Son? Princes and peers of the realm, it is said, counted it a privilege to stand in the dismal corridors, among felons and murderers, merely to share with them the privilege of witnessing the marvelous pathos which genius, taste and culture could infuse into that simple story.

What a fascination there is in really good reading! What a power it gives one! In the hospital, in the chamber of the invalid, in the nursery, in the domestic and in the social circle, among chosen friends and companions, how it enables you to minister to the amusement, the comfort, the pleasure of dear ones, as no other art or accomplishment can. No instrument of man's devising can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. It is God's special gift and endowment to his chosen creatures. Fold it not away in a napkin.

If you would double the value of all your other acquisitions, if you would add immeasurably to your own enjoyment and to your power of promoting the enjoyment of others, cultivate with incessant care, this divine gift. No music below the skies is equal to that of pure, silvery speech from the lips of a man or woman of high culture.

SPELLING DOWN.

BY WILL GIFFORD.

Well, Jane, I staid in town last night,
(I know I hadn't oughter),
And went to see the spellin' match,
With cousin Philip's daughter.
I told her I was most too old;
She said I wasn't nuther—
A likely gal is Susan Jane;
The image of her mother.

I begged and plead with might and main,
And tried my best to shake her,
But blame the gal, she stuck and hung,
Until I had to take her.
I ain't much used to city ways,
Or city men and women,
And what I saw and what I heard,
Just sot my head a swimmin'.

The hall was filled with stylish folks,
In broadcloth, silks and laces,
Who when the time had come to spell,
Stood up and took their places;
And Mayor Jones, in thunder tones,
And waistcoat bright and yellor
Gave out the words to one and all
From a new-fangled speller.

The people looked so bright and smart,
Thinks I it's no use foolin'
They've got the spellin'-book by heart
With all their city schoolin';
Till Orvil Kent, the Circuit Judge,
Got stuck on Pennsylvania,
And Simon Swift, the merchant clerk,
Went down on kleptomania.

Then Caleb Dun, the broker's son,
He put two n's in money,
And Susan Jane, she smirked and smiled,
And left one out in funny.
And Leonard Rand, the Harvard chap,
With features like a lady,
Spelled lots o' French and Latin words,
And caved on rutabaga.

And as I sot there, quiet-like,
A winkin' and a blinkin,
The gas-light glarin' in my eyes,
I couldn't help a thinkin'
How things were changed since you and I,
In other winter weather,
Drove o'er the snow-bound Eaton pikes
To spellin' school together.

Again the bleak New England hills
Re-echoed to the singing
Of Yankee girls, with hair in curls,
Who set the welkin' ringing:

They wan't afraid to sing when asked,
And never would refuse to;
Somehow the singing now-days, Jane,
Don't sound much as it used to.

Twelve couple then a sleigh load made,
Packed close to keep from freezin';
Lor' bless the black-eyed rosy girls,
They didn't mind the squeezin';
Your sweetheart never would complain
Because you chanced to crowd her,
They'd more of flesh and blood them days,
And less of paint and powder.

Down past the Quaker meetin' house,
And through the tamarack holler,
Mid mirth and song we sped along,
With other loads to foller,
Until (the gas-light dimmer grew,—
I surely wa'n't a dreamin',)
Upon the distant hill I see
The schoolhouse lights a gleamin'.

The pedagogue gave out the words,
His steel-bowed specs adjustin',
To linsey girls, with hair in curls,
And boys in jeans and fustian;
The letters rang out sharp and clear,
Each syllable pronouncin',
For he who broke the master's rule
Was certain of a trouncin'.

Brave hearts went down amid the strife;
The words came thicker, faster,
Like body-guard of veterans scarred,
The boys closed round the master—
All down but two! Fair Lucy's locks
Swept over Rufus' shoulder,
The room is still, the air grows chill,
The winds blow fiercer, colder.

"P-h-t-h-y-s-i-c!"

Lisped Lucy, in a flurry;

"P-h-t-h-i-s-i-c!"

Cried Rufus in a hurry.

No laurel wreath adorned his brow,

Twined by a blood-stained Nero;

Yet in his homespun suit of blue

Young Rufus stood, a hero.

The master sleeps beneath the hill,

The voice of Rufus Bennett,

Who snapped the word from Lucy Bird,

Was heard within the Senate,

And countless millions bless the name

Of him who set in motion

The tidal wave which freed the slave

From ocean unto ocean.

The girls who charmed us with their song,

Mid heavenly choirs are singin';

Their feet have pressed the shining street,

Where golden harps are ringin';

We've both grown old and feeble, Jane,

Our views may not be true ones;

Yet somehow all the old times seem,

Much better than the new ones.

REVERIE IN CHURCH.

BY GEO. A. BAKER, JR.

Too early of course! How provoking!

I told ma just how it would be.

I might as well have on a wrapper,

For there's not a soul here yet to see.

There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—

I declare if it isn't too bad!

I know my suit cost more than hers did,

And I wanted to see her look mad.

I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after her fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet if Virot did make it,
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last summer—
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—
A pretty example of life!
The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font!—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
Just look at her now, little humbug!—
So devout—I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over
And the end of her switches all show.
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
The woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimson,
Why will these old things dress so gay?
And there's Jenny Welles with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my gloves sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!

How *can* this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns 'round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people;
She'd better be saying her prayers.
Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now,—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one;
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

SCHOOL STATISTICS.

'Twas Saturday night and a teacher sat,
Alone, her task pursuing;
She averaged this and she averaged that,
Of all that her class were doing,
She reckoned percentage, so many boys,
And so many girls all counted,
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns of pages;
Yankee, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages,
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation,
And prepared a list of the graduates
For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart still lower,
For some of her pupils had little brain,
And she could not furnish more.
She slept, she dreamed; it seemed she died,
And her spirit went to Hades,

And they met her there with a question fair,
"State what the per cent. of your grade is."

Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial traces,
And the teacher's spirit walked one day
In the old familiar places;
A mound of fossilized school reports
Attracted her observation,
As high as the State House dome, and as wide
As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,
And the ground was well built over,
But laborers digging threw out a skull
Once planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen wandering by,
Paused to look at the diggers,
And picking the skull up, looked through the eye
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.,
"How easy it is to kill 'em"—
Statistics ossified every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum."
"It's a great curiosity, sure," says Pat,
"By the bones you can tell the creature!"
"Oh, nothing strange," said the Doctor, "that
Was a Nineteenth Century teacher."

—*Anonymous.*

THE COUNTRY'S GREATEST EVIL.

A short speech by Vice-President Henry Wilson, delivered at the National Temperance Convention, in Chicago, June, 1875.

Forty years of experience and observation have taught me that the greatest evil of our country, next, at any rate, to the one that has gone down in fire and blood to rise no more, is the evil of intemperance. Every day's experience, every hour of reflection, teaches me that it

is the duty of patriotism, the duty of humanity, the duty of Christianity, to live Christian lives, and to exert temperance influence among the people.

There was a time, when I was younger than I am now, when I hoped to live long enough to see the cause which my heart loves and my judgment approves, stronger than it is to-day. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that the present is a rather dark and troubled night for that cause, and it is because it so seems to me, that I believe it to be the duty of every honest, conscientious, self-sacrificing man of our country to speak and to work for the cause in every legitimate and proper way. And my reliance for the advancement of the cause of temperance is the same reliance which I have for the spread of the Gospel of our Divine Lord and Master.

The heart, the conscience and the reason must be appealed to, continually; and Christian men and women must remember that the heart of Christianity is temperance. If it costs a sacrifice, give it. What is sacrifice to doing good and lifting toward heaven our fellow-men? We have got to rely on appeals and addresses made to the heart of this nation, to the conscience of the people, and the reason of the country. We have got to train up our children in the cause from infancy. We must teach it in the schools and everywhere by word, and above all by example; and it seems to me that Christian ministers, in this dark hour of our country, when they see so much intemperance, and what looks to some of us like a reaction, should make the voice of the pulpits of this land heard.

Members of Christian churches should remember that they have something to do in this cause. If anything stands in the way of Christianity it is the drunkenness in our land. A word for temperance at this time is the strongest blow against the kingdom of Satan, and for the cause of our Lord and Master. Suppose you have been disappointed. Suppose that many of your laws have failed. We know that we are right. We personally feel and see it. The evidence is around and about us that we

cannot be mistaken in living total abstinence lives, and recommending such a course to our neighbors.

When it costs something to stand by the temperance cause, then is the hour to stand by it. If I could be heard to-day by the people of the land, by the patriotic young men of this country, full of life, vigor and hope, I would say that it is among the first, the highest, and the grandest duties, which the country, God, and the love of humanity impose, to work for the cause of *total abstinence*.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

BY SIGOURNEY.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow! filling the sky and the earth below; over the housetops, over the street, over the heads of the people you meet, dancing, flirting, skimming along,—beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong; flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak; beautiful snow, from the heavens above!—pure as an angel, gentle as love! Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow, how the flakes gather and laugh as they go, whirling about in their maddening fun—it plays, in its glee, with every one; chasing, laughing, hurrying by, it lights on the face and sparkles the eye; and even the dogs, with a bark and a bound, snap at the crystals that eddy around; the town is alive, and its heart in a glow, to welcome the coming of beautiful snow. How blithely the crowd goes swaying along, hailing each other with humor and song! How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by, bright for a moment, then lost to the eye! Ringing, swinging, dashing they go, over the crust of the beautiful snow;—snow so pure, when it falls from the sky, as to make one regret to see it lie, to be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet, till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell: fell, to be trampled as filth in the street—fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and

beat; pleading, cursing, dreading to die, selling my soul to whoever would buy; dealing in shame for a morsel of bread; hating the living, and fearing the dead; merciful God! have I fallen so low, and yet—I was once like the beautiful snow! Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, with an eye like its crystal, and heart like its glow; once I was loved for my innocent grace—flattered and sought, for the charms of my face; father, mother, sister and all, God and myself, I have lost by my fall; the veriest wretch that goes shivering by, will make a wide swoop lest I wander too nigh: for all that is on or about me, I know there is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow. How strange it should be that this beautiful snow should fall on a sinner, with nowhere to go! How strange it should be when the night comes again, if the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain! fainting, freezing, dying alone, too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan to be heard in the streets of the crazy town, gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down—to lie, and to die, in my terrible woe, with a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

ANTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

“How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you a little. My friends often say: ‘It’s such a comfort to see you, Anty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are *so* lively.’ Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, ‘Perhaps it’s the last time I’ll ever see Cornelia Jane alive.’

“*You don’t mean to die yet, eh?* Well, now, how do you know? You can’t tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don’t fret about anything. Of course, things can’t go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you

knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub in the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

"Gracious goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. *You thought Bridget was watching them?* Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

"Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

"Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though; *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

"How is Mr. Kobble? *Well, but finds it warm in town, eh?* Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on them railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

"Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

"Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

"Well, I must be going, now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think I've done my duty unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep.

"Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you've got a good doctor. Do send him away, and try some one else. You don't look so well as you

did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little."

LEARNING TO PRAY.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

Kneeling, fair in the twilight gray,
A beautiful child was trying to pray;
His cheek on his mother's knee,
His bare little feet half hidden,
His smile still coming unbidden,
And his heart brimful of glee.

"I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say,
O mamma! I've had such fun to-day
I hardly can say my prayers.
I don't feel just like praying;
I want to be out doors playing,
And run, all undressed, down stairs.

"I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,
Shining so pretty, and sweet, and red;
And Sammy is swinging, I guess.
Oh! everything is so fine out there,
I want to put it all in the prayer,—
Do you mean I can do it by 'Yes?'

"When I say, 'Now I lay me,' word for word,
It seems to me as if nobody heard.
Would 'Thank you, dear God,' be right?
He gave me my mammy,
And papa, and Sammy—
O mamma! you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began:
His mother's nod and sanction sweet
Had led him close to the dear Lord's feet,
And his words like music ran:

"Thank you for making this home so nice,
The flowers, and my two white mice,—
I wish I could keep right on;
 I thank you, too, for every day—
 Only I'm most too glad to pray,
Dear God, I think I'm done.

"Now, mamma, rock me—just a minute—
And sing the hymn with 'darling' in it.
I wish I *could* say my prayers!
 When I get big, I know I can.
 Oh! won't it be nice to be a man,
And stay all night down stairs!"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
Kissing and cooing her fond "Good-night,"
 And treasured his every word.
 For well she knew that the artless joy
 And love of her precious innocent boy,
Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
 "We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery side,
Below the smoking cannon;

Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing!
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE GEOGRAPHY DEMON.

(By permission.)

I hate my geography lesson!
It's nothing but nonsense and names;
To torture me so every morning,
I think it's the greatest of shames.

The brooks, they flow into the rivers,
And the rivers flow into the sea;
For my part I hope they enjoy it,
But what does it matter to me?

Of late, even more I've disliked it,
And more disagreeable it seems,
Ever since that sad evening last winter,
When I had the most frightful of dreams.

I thought that a great horrid monster
Stood suddenly there in my room—
A frightful Geography Demon,
Enveloped in darkness and gloom;

His body and head like a mountain,
A volcano on top for a hat;
His arms and his legs were like rivers,
With a brook round his neck for cravat.

He laid on my poor trembling shoulder
His fingers, cold, clammy and long;
And fixing his red eyes upon me,
He roared forth this horrible song:

"Come! come! rise and come
Away to the banks of the Muskingum!
It flows o'er the plains of Timbuctoo,
With the peak of Teneriffe just in view.
And the cataracts leap in the pale moonshine,
As they dance o'er the cliffs of the Brandywine.

"Flee! flee! rise and flee
Away to the banks of the Tombigbee!

“We'll pass by Alaska's flowery strand,
Where the emerald towers of Pekin stand;
We'll pass them by and will rest awhile,
On Michillimackinac's tropic isle;
While the apes of Barbary frisk around,
And the parrots crow with a lovely sound.

“Hie! hie! rise and hie
Away to the banks of Yangtze-ki!
Where the giant mountains of Oshkosh stand,
And the icebergs gleam through the falling sand;
While the elephant sits on the palm tree high,
And the Cannibals feast on bad boy pie.

“Go! go! rise and go
Away to the banks of the Hoangho;
There the Chickasaw sachem makes his tea,
And the kettle boils and waits for thee.
We'll smite thee ho! and we'll lay thee low,
On the beautiful banks of the Hoangho!”

These terrible words were still sounding
Like trumpets and drums through my head,
When the monster clutched tighter my shoulder,
And dragged me half out of the bed.
In terror, I clung to the bedpost; but the
Faithless bedpost it broke;
I screamed out aloud in my anguish,
And suddenly,—well, I awoke!

He was gone, but I can not forget him,
That fearful geography sprite,
He has my first thought in the morning,
He has my last shudder at night.

Do you blame me for hating my lesson?
Is it strange that it frightful should seem?
Or that I more and more should abhor it
Since I had that most horrible dream?

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

BY R. C. WINTHROP, JULY 4, 1848.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious father of his country! Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus*. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. The wide-spread republic is the

future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fully testify our veneration for him; this, this alone, can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may molder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory and those tongues prolong the fame of *George Washington*.

MOTHER'S FOOL.

"'Tis plain to see," said a farmer's wife,
These boys will make their mark in life;
"They were never made to handle a hoe,
And at once to a college ought to go;
There's Fred, he's little better than a fool,
But John and Henry must go to school."

"Well, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he set his mug of cider down,
"Fred does more work in a day for me
Than both his brothers do in three.
Book larnin' will never plant one's corn,
Nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born,
Nor mend a rod of broken fence—
For my part, give me common sense."

But his wife was bound the roast to rule,
And John and Henry were sent to school.

While Fred, of course, was left behind,
Because his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent;
Then into business each one went.
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair, of course in the middle;
While his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out a sign, "H. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile, at home their brother Fred
Had taken a notion into his head;
But he quietly trimmed his apple trees,
And weeded onions, and planted peas,
While somehow or other, by hook or crook,
He managed to read full many a book,
Until at last his father said
He was getting "book larnin'" into his head;
"But for all that," added Farmer Brown,
"He's the smartest boy there is in town."

The war broke out, and Captain Fred
A hundred men to battle led,
And when the rebel flag came down,
Went marching home as General Brown.
But he went to work on the farm again,
And planted corn and sowed his grain;
He shingled the barn and mended the fence,
Till people declared he had common sense.

Now, common sense was very rare,
And the State House needed a portion there;
So the "family dunce" moved into town—
The people called him Governor Brown;
And his brothers, who went to the city school,
Came home to live with "mother's fool."

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,

We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that work of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the new world greets
The old world thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil, beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,

Send back the Argonauts of peace.
For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while, withal we crave,
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

O make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby,
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window,
The red rose rocked her bees,
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah, me, in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,

The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

Those who are capable of impersonating the old man, will find an opportunity here.

Well, wife, I've found the model church! I worshiped
there to-day!
It made me think of good old times before my hair
was gray;
The mectin' house was fixed up more than they were
years ago,
But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for
show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and
poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly
through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant
pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice: "Let all the
people sing!"

The tune was "Coronation," the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps
of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught
the fire;

I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious
choir,

And sang as in my youthful days: "Let angels prostrate
fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of
all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once
more;

I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of
shore;

I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port, forever, from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the
preacher said;

I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;

He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye

Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a
sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple gospel truth;

It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;

'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;

'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy
place;

How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every
happy face;

Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall
meet with friend,

"Wher congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has
no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from
heaven's blue;

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,
The happy hour of worship, in that model church to-
day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory soon
be won,

The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;
O'er the river we are nearin'; they are throngin' to the
shore,

To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no
more.

—*John H. Yates*

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Beside a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadows lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and
lea,

I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is
o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow,
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his
power;

I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the
golden day,
And as I look and listen, the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh, crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies, we know not
where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then
withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me; the evening bird
sings on,
And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,
In the soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the
sprightly shout.

Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward
strews
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that
blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek, and men of
pride.

Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars
gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank
with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing
near,

As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the sinless teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these within my heart,
Can neither make the dread, nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

THE GHOST.

'Tis about twenty years since Abel Law,
A short, round-favored, merry
Old soldier of the Revolutionary
War,
Was wedded to
A most abominable shrew.
The temper, sir, of Shakespeare's Catharine
Could no more be compared with hers,
Than mine
With Lucifer's.
Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
Face, like a cranberry marsh,
All spread
With spots of white and red;
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.
The appellation of this lovely dame
Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

Her brother David was a tall,
Good-looking chap, and that was all;
One of your great, big nothings, as we say
Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes
And cracking them on other folks.
Well, David undertook one night to play
The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood.

Below

The house some distance,—half a mile or so.

With a long, taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast,
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed),
He took
His station near
A huge oak tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road and see
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts,
Than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting;
His patience was abating;
At length he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "The Revolution."
His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton,
And jovially he went on.

Scaring the whip-poor-wills among the trees
With rhymes like these:—[*Sings.*]

“ See the Yankees leave the hill,
With baggernetts declining,
With lopped-down hats and rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining.

“ See the Yankees—Whoa!—Why, what is that? ”
Said Abel, staring like a cat,
As, slowly on, the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

“ My conscience! what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what’s your name? by the powers of gin,
That’s a strange dress to travel in.”
“ Be silent, Abel; for I now have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit”—“ I suppose you are;
But you’ll not hurt me, and I’ll tell you why;
Here is a fact which you cannot deny;
All spirits must be either good
Or bad,—that’s understood,—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I’m secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil,—
And I don’t know but you may be the Devil,—
If that’s the case, you’ll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!”

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I have one funny leedle boy
Vot gomes schust to my knee;
Der queerest schap, the greatest rogue
As efer you dit see;
He runs and jumps, and smashes dings
In all parts of der house—

But what of dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He gets der measles and der mumps,
Unt eferyding dat's out;
He spills mine glass of lager beer,
Puts schnuff into mine kraut;
He fills my pipe mit Limburg scheese
Dot vas der roughest chouse.
I'd dake dot vrom no oder boy
But little Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes de milk pan for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der sthicks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vos drue!
I dinks mine head vas schsplit apart,
He kicks up such a touse—
But never mind, der boys vas few
Like dot little Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoot blace out
From der hair upon mine head?
Und vere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Ven'er der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot shmall Yawcob Strauss?

I sometimes tink I shall go vild
Mit such a grazzy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes ensшой;
But ven he vas aschleep in ped
So quiet as a mouse,
I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

THE OLD MAN IN THE PALACE CAR.

Well, Betsy, this beats everything our eyes have ever seen,

We are riding in a palace fit for a king or queen.

We didn't ride so fast as this, nor on such cushions rest,
When we left New England years ago, to seek a home
out West.

We rode through this same country, but not as now we ride;

You sat within a stage-coach, while I trudged on by
your side.

Instead of riding on a rail, I carried one, you know.

To pry the old coach from the mire through which we
had to go.

Let's see—'tis fifty years ago—just after we were wed:
Your eyes were then like diamonds bright, your cheeks
like roses red.

Now, Betsy, people call us old, and push us to one side,
Just as they did the slow old coach in which we used to
ride.

I wonder if young married folks to-day would conde-
scend,

To take a wedding tour like ours with a log-house at
the end.

Much of the sentimental love which sets young cheeks
aglow

Would die to meet the hardships of fifty years ago.

Our love grew stronger as we toiled, though food and
clothes were coarse;

None ever saw us in the courts a-hunting a divorcee.

Love leveled down the mountains, and made low places
high;

Love sang a song that cheered us when clouds and
storm were nigh.

I'm glad to see the world move on—to hear the engine's
roar,

And all about the cable stretching from shore to shore.
Our mission here's accomplished; with toil we both are
through,

The Lord just lets us live awhile to see how young
folks do.
Whew! Betsy, how we're flying; see the farms and
towns go by;
It makes my gray hairs stand on end, and dims my
failing eye.
Soon we'll be through our journey, and in the house so
good
That stands within a twelve-rod of where the log one
stood.
How slow, like old-time coaches, our youthful days
swept by,
The years when we were living 'neath a bright New
England sky.
Swifter than palace cars now fly, or later years have
flown,
Until we're journeying hand in hand down to the grave
alone;
And I can hear the whistle blown on life's fast-flying
train,—
Only a few more stations in the valley now remain.
Soon we'll reach the home eternal with its glories rare—
untold,
Stop at last in that blest city and walk its streets of gold!

THE OWL-CRITIC.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the
shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is;
How preposterous each wing is,

How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!

I make no apology; I've learned owlology.

I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,

And can not be blinded to any deflections

Arising from unskillful fingers that fail

To stuff a bird right from his beak to his tail.

Mister Brown! Mister Brown! do take that bird down,

Or you will be the laughing-stock all over town!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls and other night fowls,

And I tell you what I know to be true:

An owl can not roost with his limbs so unloosed;

No owl in this world ever had his claws curled,

Ever had his leg slanted, ever had his bill canted,

Ever had his neck screwed into that attitude,

He can't do it, because 'tis against all bird laws.

Anatomy teaches, Ornithology preaches,

An owl has a toe

That *can't* turn out so!

I've made the white owl my study for years,

And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!

Mister Brown, I'm amazed

You should be so gone crazed

As to put up a bird

In that posture absurd!

To *look* at that owl really brings on dizziness;

The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.

I'm filled with surprise

Taxidermists should pass

Off on you such poor glass;

So unnatural they seem

They'd make Audubon scream,

And John Burroughs laugh

To encounter such chaff.

Do take that bird down;

Have him stuffed again, Brown!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather!"
Just then, with a wink and a sly, normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.
—*James T. Fields.*

THE POLISH BOY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
That cut like blades of steel the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?
Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy luster o'er his brow,

And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye,
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;
The gate is burst; a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain!

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted, with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy! I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild,
To perish, if 't will save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,

And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "*one!*
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!" and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there.
Her cross of blazing rubies last,
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.

He stooped to seize the glittering store;—
Up springing from the marble floor
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no, no! nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow,
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now
My noble mother, on her knee
Hath done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glave
Would drink the life blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in thy breast
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang;
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery.
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won;
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss,
One last embrace, one blessing,—one!
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
What! silent yet! Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What! silent still! Then art thou dead!
—Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee,—and thus—to die."
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom,—dead.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MRS. J. M. WINTON.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie, I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts—
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

STAND BY THE FLAG.

BY JOSEPH HOLT.

[Letter to Kentuckians, written from Washington, May 31, 1861.]

Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart strings, and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit which breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve that come weal or woe, we will in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, to the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea, and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, and they have led the brave and the free to victory and to glory.

It has been my fortune to look upon this flag in foreign lands, and amid the gloom of an Oriental despotism, and right well do I know by contrast, how bright are its stars, and how sublime its inspirations! If this banner, the emblem for us of all that is grand in human history, and of all that is transporting in human hope, is to be sacrificed on the altars of a satanic ambition, and thus disappear forever amid the night and tempest

of revolution, then will I feel—(and who shall estimate the desolation of that feeling?)—that the sun has indeed been stricken from the sky of our lives, and that henceforth we shall be wanderers and outcasts, with naught but the bread of sorrow and of penury for our lips, and with hands ever outstretched in feebleness and supplication, on which, in any hour, a military tyrant may rivet the fetters of a despairing bondage. May God in his infinite mercy save you and me, and the land we so much love, from the doom of such a degradation.

No contest so momentous as this has arisen in human history, for, amid all the conflicts of men and of nations, the life of no such government as ours has ever been at stake. Our fathers won our independence by the blood and sacrifice of a seven years' war, and we have maintained it against the assaults of the greatest power upon earth; and the question now is, whether we are to perish by our own hands, and have the epitaph of suicide written upon our tomb. The ordeal through which we are passing must involve immense suffering and losses for us all, but the expenditure of not merely hundreds of millions, but of billions, will be well made, if the result shall be the preservation of our institutions.

Could my voice reach every dwelling in the United States, I would implore its inmates—if they would not have the rivers of their prosperity shrink away, as do unfed streams beneath the summer heats—to rouse themselves from their lethargy, and fly to the rescue of their country before it is everlastingly too late. Man should appeal to man, and neighborhood to neighborhood, until the electric fires of patriotism shall flash from heart to heart in one unbroken current throughout the land. It is a time in which the workshop, the office, the counting-house, and the field may well be abandoned for the solemn duty that is upon us, for all these toils will but bring treasure, not for ourselves, but for the spoiler, if this revolution is not arrested. We are all, with our every earthly interest, embarked in mid-ocean on the same common deck. The howl of the storm is in our ears, and "the lightning's red glare is painting hell on the

sky," and while the noble ship pitches and rolls under the lashings of the waves, the cry is heard that she has sprung aleak at many points, that the rushing waters are mounting rapidly in the hold. The man who, at such an hour, will not work at the pumps, is either a maniac or a monster.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

BY BRET HARTE.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense; for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit;
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be just like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh, you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album; that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good-looking, of course.

"This is ME. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought;

For that was the message to pa from the photograph-
man where I sat,—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his
money for that.

“What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often
she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all her front
curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people,
just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do!
But don't come like Tom Lee,—

“Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he
used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack
says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a
rich man, they say.
Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now, are
you? And how poor are they?

“Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, *I* am, for I
know now your hair *isn't* red;
But what there's left of it is mousey, and not what
that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I
could wait just to see
If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that she
used to kiss Lee.”

DARKEY'S COUNSEL TO THE NEWLY MARRIED PAIR.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.

My chil'ren, lub one anoder; bar wid one anoder; be
faithful ter one anoder. You hab started on a long jour-
ney; many rough places am in de road: many trubbles
will spring up by de wayside; but gwo on hand an' hand

togedder; lub one anoder, an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy—for lub will sweeten ebery sorer, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine in eben de berry cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'se been ober de groun'. Ole Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot burning sand; been out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, fur nigh onter forty yar, but we hab clung to one anoder; an' fru ebery ting in de berry darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru the clouds, an' sent him bressed rays inter our hearts. We started jess like two young saplin's you's seed a growin' side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed 'way part fur de bram-bles, an' de tick bushes an' de ugly forns—[dem was our bad ways]—war atween us; but lub, like de sun, shone down on us, and we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch, and dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. An' dough we'em ole trees now, an' sometimes de wind blow, an' de storm rage fru the tops, an' freaten ter tear off de limbs, an' ter pull up de bery roots, we'em growin closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day—an' soon de ole tops will meet; soon de ole branches all cobered ober wid de gray moss, will twine roun' one anodder; soon de two ole trees will come togedder, an' grow inter *one* foreber—grow inter one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber'll blow, whar de storm neber'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit to de glory ob de Lord, an' in his heabenly kingdom foreber! Amen.

REV. GABE TUCKER'S REMARKS.

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
 To make your judgment by de cloes dat kivers up a
 man;
 For I hardly needs to tell you how you often comes
 across

A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss;
 An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
 Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a
 row.

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for hebbin
 Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
 Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat,
 And neber draps a nickel in de missionary hat,
 Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de
 chunes,
 But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons.

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
 By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar
 dey stay:
 For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty
 high,
 An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
 Dey ketches little minners in de middle of de sea,
 An' you finds de smalles' possum up de biggest kind o'
 tree!

POOR LITTLE JOE.

BY PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

Prop your eyes wide open, Joey,
 Fur I've brought you sumfin' great.
Apples! No, a heap sight better!
 Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
 Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
 Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
 Tears, my boy! Wot's them fur, Joey?
 There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
 Where a bang-up lady sot,
 All amongst a lot of bushes—
 Each one climbin' from a pot;
 Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!

Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyn' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it)
Sich a' imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with yer crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day;"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yerself to-night;
Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnight
Since your eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of them's made you better,
Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never see the country, did you?
Flowers growing everywhere!

Sometime, when you're better, Joey,
 Mebbe I can take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M, I spose so;
 Dunno much about it, though;
 Aint as fly as wot I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres,
 That in heaven's golden gates,
 Things are everlasting cheerful—
 'Blieve that's wot the Bible states.
 Likewise there folks don't get hungry;
 So good people when they dies,
 Find themselves well fixed forever,
 Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thot they looked a little sing'ler,
 Oh, no! Don't have no fear;
 Heaven was made for such as you is—
 Joe! Wot makes you look so queer?
 Here, wake up, oh! don't look that way!
 Joe! my boy! hold up your head!
 Here's your flowers—you dropped them, Joey!
 O! my God! can Joe be dead?

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

How bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division, and from the power of corruption. The honored dead! That they die for a good cause are re-deemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements

efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It *was* your son; but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he *was* yours; now he *is* ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected: and it shall, by-and-by, be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march, except upon that journey which brings good

men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! sit not in darkness nor sorrow whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that love it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing; shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN.

A THANKSGIVING POEM.

It is Thanksgiving morning, and near and far away,
The glad church bells are ringing to hail Thanksgiving
day;

With their silvery entreaty they call the heart to prayer,
From traffic and from labor, from merriment and care.

And in one ancient dwelling, whose walls, time-stained
and gray,

Remember in their silence the bullets of that day,
When from Lexington to Concord a thrilling message
ran,

And behind each hedge and tree-boll there lurked an
earnest man;

A man whose life was ready, held in unshrinking hand,
To be offered up for Liberty, for God, and Native Land;
In that time-honored dwelling an ancient couple wait,
To hear their children's voices make music at the gate.

"Are all things ready, Mary?" the old man's eyes were
dim,
And the face he sees is lovely with girlhood's flush to
him.

She tries to smile; Thanksgiving is the time for joyous
cheer,
And the old man does not see her as she wipes away a
tear.

"Had you thought about it, Richard, how the children
have grown old;
How they've left their youth behind them, like a story
that is told?

"Last time I saw our Martha her hair was gray as mine,
Will's chestnut curls are turning, and Ralph is forty-
nine.

It's all the better, Richard, we shan't be long apart;
In the land where we are going, I sometimes think my
heart

"Will miss the children's voices, and be lonely till they
come;

But we shan't have long to wait, dear, for the children
coming home."

They sat a little longer, in a silence like a prayer,
Waiting together, hand in hand,—God's angel found
them there.

In the bright Thanksgiving morning, fifty changeeful
years ago,

She had crossed that ancient threshold, in her raiment
white as snow.

Now her husband led her onward, as in youth time,
hand in hand,

Till they crossed another threshold,—entered on that
other land,

Where the fountains flow forever, where the many
mansions be,
And the fruit of life hangs glowing from the boughs of
every tree.

It was Thanksgiving morning, just fifty years ago,
When o'er that ancient threshold, in raiment white as
snow,

With cheeks rosebud with blushes, and eyes as violets
blue,

And face so fresh and innocent, and heart so leal and
true;

A fragile little blossom that blossomed at his side,
She came there first beside him,—he brought her home
his bride.

“All things are ready, Richard,” she said, and then she
thought

Of their fifty years together, and the changes they had
brought.

She remembered how her babes had played about her
there,

With the sunshine's shifting splendor in their curling,
golden hair.

And when they'd tired of playing, and slept upon her
breast,

What prayers she said above them, while she lulled
them soft to rest.

Where are those children's faces? she almost thought to
see

Blue eyes and golden ringlets still glinting at her knee.

The years have wrought strange marvels,—the children
are no more,

No more their frolic-footsteps fly through the open
door.

Five men, toil-worn and weary, five women bowed with
care,—

Are these the merry children, with the sunshine in their
hair?

In the cold November sunshine in the middle of the day,
Sons and daughters stood in silence, gathered there
from far away,

'Neath the old familiar roof-tree; but they dared not
mourn or weep

For the two they found together—those dead faces calm
asleep.

Silently they kissed each other, silently they knelt to
pray,

Lifting up their hearts to heaven on that blest Thanks-
giving day.

Years are short, and cares are heavy,—soon they'll lay
their burden down;

He who helps the cross to carry, shall be first to wear
the crown.

They shall keep their best Thanksgiving when their
tired feet cease to roam,

Where the parents still are waiting for the children
coming home.

THE EAST AND THE WEST.

BY LYMAN BEECHER.

We must educate! we must educate! or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short from the cradle to the grave will be our race. If, in our haste to be rich and mighty, we outrun our literary and religious institutions, they will never overtake us, or only come up after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to grace the victory, and as resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage. And let no man at the East quiet himself and dream of liberty, whatever may become of the West. Our alliance of blood, and political institutions, and common interests, are such that we cannot stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever come. Her destiny is our destiny; and the day that her gallant ship goes down, our little boat sinks in the vortex!

I would add, as a motive to immediate action, that if we do fail in our great experiment of self-government, our destruction will be as signal as the birthright abandoned, the mercies abused, and the provocation offered to beneficent heaven. The descent of desolation will correspond with the past elevation. No punishments of heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no wailings, such as her convulsions extort. It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given to us more bone and sinew and vitality. May God hide me from the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interest, and perils, live forever—one and undivided!

ONLY AN EMIGRANT.

ANONYMOUS.

Only an emigrant lying there

On the rock-bound coast of Halifax bay,

With the salt sea damp on his yellow hair,

And his face aghast in death's dismay!

Only an emigrant! one of five hundred;

Hurled to his doom when some one blundered.

When the rich go down we may reckon the cost,

And value their lives, and what they are worth;

But who will weep for the emigrant lost—

This clod of clay which cumbered the earth?

Drive the nails in his coffin-lid,

And let his corpse from our sight be hid.

But list, I pray. Leagues on leagues away,

In a turf-thatched hut on the Irish shore,

There are human hearts which are breaking to-day;

And bright hopes dashed forevermore,
And eyes half blinded with passionate tears,
And the dreary outlook of desolate years.

Only an emigrant lying there
Lifeless and mute in Halifax bay;
But his soul was strong, and his skies were fair,
When he left his home—a month to-day.
He fondled his child, and kissed his wife,
Ere he sought new scenes in the battle of life.

Brawny his hands and brave his heart,
And firm his belief that the hour would come
When those with whom he dreaded to part
Should join him again in a Western home.
Hopeful and happy, and rich and free
In a better land beyond the sea.

Only an emigrant's family there,
In the Irish home where the news has sped;
But the terrible look of utter despair
Makes the face of the living as sad as the dead;
For the light of their lives went out that day,
When the ship struck the rocks in Halifax bay.

Only an emigrant lying there,
With his parted lips grown ashen gray,
With the sea-damp on his yellow hair,
And his face aghast in death's dismay!
O merciful God! take his soul to Thee,
In the better land beyond the sea!

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far
away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad
day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and
maiden fair,—

He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny,
floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips
all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the
prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark,
damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to
die,
At the ringing of the curfew—and no earthly help is
nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew
strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced
her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned
dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that
gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn
vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or
sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must
die."

And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured,
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick step bounded forward, sprung within
the old church door,
Left the old man treading softly paths he oft had trod
before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and
cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray
of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the
great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down
to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of
curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with
sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light
below,
Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not
the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling
lips and white,

Said to hush her heart's wild beating,—
 "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
 stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years
 before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed
 she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting
 sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires with
 heads of white,
Long should tell the little children,
 Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him,
 and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces
 now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all
 bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow
 pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with
 misty light:
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell,
 "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

THE DIVER.

BY SCHILLER.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
 As to dive to the howling Charybdis below;
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
 And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
 Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
 That rugged and hoary hung over the verge

Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge,
“And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?”

And the knights and the squires that gathered around
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch: “The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?”

And all as before heard in silence the king,
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
’Mid the tremulous squires stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle,
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom ;

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

At last there lay open the desolate realm!
Through the breakers that whitened the waste of the
swell,
Dark—dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of that fathomless hell.
Round and round whirled the waves—deep and deeper
still driven,
Like a gorge through the mountainous main thunder-
riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the
shore,

And behold he is whirled in the grasp of the main
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
But the deep from below murmured hollow and fell;
And the crowd, as it shuddered, lamented aloud—

“Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-
thee-well!”

And still, ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, “Who may find it shall win it, and wear;”
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazards were valued too dear.
For never did lips of the living reveal,
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh! many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave,
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the man's with the element's might.

It is he—it is he!—in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly light of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
“He lives—lo! the ocean has rendered its prey!”
And safe from the whirlpool, and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight, the soul of the brave.

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his
daughter.

She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spake the diver—“Long life to the king!”

“Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice—
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore—nevermore may he lift from the mirror,
The veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

“Quick brightening like lightning—it tore me along
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles—the circle had won me;
Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

“And I called on my God, and my God heard my
prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my
breath—
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold!
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.”

“Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell,

“Dark crawled—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,
So far from the earth where man’s help there was none!
The one human thing with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneless so ghastly—*ALONE!*
Fathom-deep from man’s eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the main and the monsters around.

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save,—King, the danger is o’er!”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled, quoth he,
“Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine,—
If thou’lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main!”

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,
“Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slack thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knights, not at least, put to shame by the squire!”

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
“But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I’ll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

In his heart as he listened, there leaped the wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in
fire—
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff—roaring back as before;
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

BROTHER WATKINS.

A CAPITAL STORY AS TOLD BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

We have the subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

“My beloved brethering, before I take my text I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sat the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sat the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor

beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sat the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Around on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sat the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* When I had finished my discourse, and shaken hands with the brethering—*ah!* I passed out to take a last look at the old church—*ah!* the broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I mounted my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant-girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground, with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road, my old gray mare ran up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years—*ah!*”

*THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF
BUNKER HILL.*

1. Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country.

2. Behold how altered! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roll of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

3. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

4. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

5. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and He has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

6. But, alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Reed, Pomeroy, Bridge—our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band; you are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example.

7. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men; you lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheath your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

8. But—ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoted heart! him, the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought thither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit—him, cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage?

How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterances of Thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

MINE FAMILY.

BY YAWCOB STRAUS.

Dimpled cheeks, mit eyes of plue,
Mout' like it was mois'd mit dew,

Und leedle teeth shust peekin droo—
 Dot's der baby.

Curly hed und full off glee,
 Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
 He vas been playin' horse, you see—
 Dot's leedle Otto.

Von hundred seexty in der shade,
 Der oder day ven she vas veighed—
 She beats me soon, I vas afraid—
 Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, und pooty stoudt,
 Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
 Fond off his beer und sauer-kraut—
 Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full of fun,
 Von leedle, pright-eyed, roguish son,
 Von frau to greet vhen vork vas done—
 Dot's mine vamily.

THE LOST HEIR.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Oh where, and oh where
 Is my bonnie laddie gone?"—OLD SONG.

One day, as I was going by
 That part of Holborn christened High,
 I heard a loud and sudden cry
 That chilled my very blood;
 And lo! from out a dirty alley,
 Where pigs and beggars wont to rally,
 I saw a crazy woman sally,
 Bedaubed with grease and mud.
 She turned her east, she turned her west,
 Staring like Pythoness possessed,
 With streaming hair and heaving breast,
 As one stark mad with grief.

This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man,—
Her right hand held a frying-pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female ranter moved to preach,
She "gave her sorrow words":

"O Lord! oh, dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick
stark staring wild!
Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a
crying, lost-looking child?
Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run,
if I only knew which way—
A child is as lost about London streets, and especially
Seven Dials, as a needle in a bundle of hay.
I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you
wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!
You promised to have half an eye on him, you know
you did, you dirty deceitful young drab!
The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with
my own blessed motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at mak-
ing little dirt pies.
I wonder he left the court where he was better off than
all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster shells, and a
dead kitten, by way of toys.
When his father comes home, and he always comes
home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost, and the
beef and the inyuns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and
don't be making a mob in the street;
O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my
poor little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me,
like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;

Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away up
a court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it my-
self for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trowsers, considering not very much patched,
and red plush, they was once his father's best pair.
His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or
that might have gone with the rest;
But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two
slits and a burn on the breast.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in,
and not quite so much jagged at the brim,
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not
a fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.
Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive,
some old beggar woman in want of an orphan
Had borrowed the child to go begging with, but I'd
rather see him laid out in his coffin!
Do, good people, move on! such a rabble of boys! I'll
break every bone if I come near;
Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home,—Tom-
my Jones, go along with your beer.
This day is the sorrowfulest day of my life, ever since
my name was Betty Morgan;
Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all
along of following a monkey and an organ;
O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's
got kidnapped with them Italians,
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will,
the outlandish tatterdemalions.
Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow,
with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!
And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't, for
crying fresh herrings to-morrow.
O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life
won't be of no more vally,
If I'm to see other folks' darlin's, and none of mine,
playing like angels in our alley!
And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks
at the old three-legged chair

As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there
ain't no Billy there!
I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I
only knowed where to run;
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a
month through stealing a penny bun,—
The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would
kill me raily
To find my Billy holdin' up his little innocent hand at
the Old Bailey.
For, though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may
search for miles and milses
And not find one better brought up, and more pretty
behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Gilses.
And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a
mother ought to speak;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it
hasn't been washed for a week;
As for hair, though it's red, it's the most nicest hair
when I've time to just show it the comb;
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will
only bring him safe and sound home.
He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a
little cast he's certainly got;
And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is
broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot;
He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and
very large teeth for his age;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play
Cupid on the Drury Lane stage.
And then he has got such dear winning ways—but oh,
I never, never shall see him no more!
Oh dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him
back from death's door!
Only the very last month when the wind falls, hang'em,
was at twenty a penny,
And the three pence he got in grottoing was spent in
plums, and sixty for a child is too many,
And the cholera man came and whitewashed us all, and
drat him, made a seize of our hog,

It's no use to send the crier to cry him about, he's such
a blundering, drunken old dog;
The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was
guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl for a dis-
tracted mother and father about town.
Billy—where are you, Billy—I say come home to your
best of mothers!
I'm scared, when I think of them cabrolas, they drive so,
they'd run over their own sisters and brothers,
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch
to stick fast in the narrow flues and what not,
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole,
when the soot has ketched, and the chimneys red
hot.
Oh, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was
mine, to clap my two longing eyes on his face,
For he's my darling of darlings, and if he don't come
soon you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two motherly
arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
Lawk, I never knew what a precious he was, but a child
don't feel like a child till you miss him.
Why there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, it's that
Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair,
and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his
skin!

LITTLE PAUL.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Through the curtains poured the sunlight
With a sudden gush of joy,
Where, upon his bed of weakness,
Lay the dying little boy.
On the rising airs of evening
Balmy sounds of summer came,
And a voice amid their music
Seemed to call him by his name;

And the golden waves were dancing
On the flooded chamber-wall—
On the sunny hair of Florence,
And the brow of little Paul!

As the sunset's tide, receding,
Ebb'd again into the sky,
Passed the faint hue from his features,
And the luster from his eye;
As if up the rosy surges
Of that shining river's flow
Went his spirit to the Angel
Who had claimed it long ago!
Fonder still, and full of yearning,
Seemed to come her gentle call,
And the throb of life grew fainter
In the heart of little Paul!

But the fond arms of a sister
Like a link around him lay,
Chaining back his fluttering spirit
To the love which was its stay;
And his own weak arms were folded
In a clinging, dear embrace,
Till his cheek and dewy forehead
Rested gently on her face.
Slowly sank his weary eyelids;
One faint breathing—that was all,
And no more the kiss of Florence
Thrilled the lips of little Paul!

LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,

As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her
child;

A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown
dim:

It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little
Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her
cheek,

As she offered up the prayer in thought, she was afraid
to speak,

Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her
life;

For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's
wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the suffer-
er's bed,

And prays that He would spare her boy, and take her-
self instead.

She gets her answer from the child; soft fall the words
from him:

"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim;
I have no pain, dear mother now, but O! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and mother, don't
you cry."

With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his
lip;

He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-
night to him,

And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little
Jim!

She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved
so dear,

Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to
hear:

The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a
word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand, and walked toward the
bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask
of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little
Jim.

THE OLD FORSAKEN SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

Great care should be exercised to avoid measurement or rhythmical display in reading this piece. It is thoroughly simple, and should be read in the style of reflective conversation.

They've left the schoolhouse, Charlie, where years ago
we sat
And shot our paper bullets at the master's time-worn
hat;
The hook is gone on which it hung, the master sleepeth
now
Where schoolboy tricks can never cast a shadow o'er his
brow.

They've built a new, imposing one—the pride of all the
town,
And laughing lads and lassies go its broad steps up and
down;
A tower crowns its summit, with a new, a monster bell,
That youthful ears, in distant homes, may hear its music
swell.

I'm sitting in the old one, with its battered, hingeless
door;
The windows all are broken, and the stones lie on the
floor;
I, alone, of all the merry boys that romped and studied
here,
Remain to see it battered up and left so lone and drear.

I'm sitting in the same old place where we sat side by side
And carved our names upon the bench, when not by master eyed;
Since then a dozen boys have sought their great skill to display,
And like the footprints on the sand, our names have passed away.

'Twas here we learned to conjugate "amo, amas, amat,"
While glances from the lassies made our hearts go pit-a-pat.
'Twas here we fell in love, you know, with girls who looked us through—
Yours with her piercing eyes of black, and mine with eyes of blue.

Our sweethearts—pretty girls were they—to us how very dear,
Bow down your head with me, my boy, and shed for them a tear;
With them the earthly school is out; each lovely maid now stands
Before the one Great Master, in the house not made with hands.

You tell me you are far out West, a lawyer deep in laws,
With Joe who sat behind us here and tickled us with straws;
Look out for number one, boys; may wealth come at your touch,
But with your long strong legal straws, don't tickle men too much.

Here to the right, sat Jimmy Jones—you must remember Jim—
He's teaching now, and punishing the boys, as master punished him;

What an unlucky lad he was! his sky was dark with
woes;
Whoever did the sinning, it was Jim who got the blows.

Those days are all gone by, my boys; life's hills we're
going down,
With here and there a silver hair amid the schoolboy
brown;
But memory can never die; so we'll talk o'er the joys
We shared together in this house, when you and I were
boys.

Though ruthless hands may tear it down—this lone
house, old and drear—
They'll not destroy the characters that started out from
here;
Time's angry waves may sweep the shore and wash out
all beside—
Bright as the stars that shine above, they shall for aye
abide.

I've seen the new house, Charlie; 'tis the pride of all the
town,
And laughing lads and lassies go its broad steps up and
down;
But you nor I, my dear old friend, can't love it half so
well
As this condemned, forsaken one, with cracked and
tongueless bell.

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

I've just come in from the meadow, wife, where the
grass is tall and green;
I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine;
It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,
And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty
years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rays
of a scorching sun,
Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my
task for the day was done:
I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over
the farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old
pain come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a swingin' the old
scythe then;
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like
death through the ranks of men:
I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its
speed and power;
The work that took me a day to do, it done in one short
hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half: when he puts it
into his wheat,
I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles neat;
Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work
and larn
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into
the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it; but I said to the
hired men,
"I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my
threescore years and ten,
That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a-goin' most anywhere."

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work
my boys now do;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret
in the new;
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into
those toiling days,
That the fast young men of the present will not see till
they change their ways.

To think that I ever should live to see work done in
this wonderful way!

Old tools are of little service now, and farming is almost
play;

The women have got their sewin' machines, their
wringers, and every such thing.

And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the
parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so
long gone by;

You riz up early, and sat up late, a-toiling for you
and I:

There were cows to milk, there was butter to make;
and many a day did you stand,

A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' 'em
out by hand.

Ah, wife, our children will never see the hard work we
have seen,

For the heavy task and the long task is now done with
a machine;

No more the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower—
there! hear it afar?

A-rattlin' along through the tall, stout grass with the
noise of a railroad car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away, they stand
a-gatherin rust,

Like many an old man I have seen put aside with only
a crust;

When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when
the strength goes out of his arm,

The best thing a poor old man can do, is to hold the
deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, although
it has been tried

By men who have studied, and studied, and worried till
they died;

It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from
its dross,
It's the way to the kingdom of heaven—by the simple
way of the cross.

OVER THE HILLS TO THE POORHOUSE.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

A successful impersonation of the feeble, broken voice of an old woman will
add much to the rendering of this piece.

Over the hill to the poorhouse I'm trudgin' my weary
way,—

I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray,—
I who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poorhouse,—I can't make it quite
clear!

Over the hill to the poorhouse,—it seems so horrid
queer!

Many a step I've taken a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', and pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some,—I was, upon my
soul,—

Once my cheeks were roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people
say,

For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over-free,
 But many a house an' home was open then to me.
 Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
 And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good
 and smart,
 But he and all the neighbors would own I done my
 part;
 For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
 And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get
 along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay,
 With now and then a baby to cheer us on our way;
 Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
 An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every
 one;
 Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought
 to've done;
 Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks
 condemn,
 But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones?—
 I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my
 sons;
 And God He made that rule of love; but when we're
 old and gray,
 I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the
 other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys and girls was
 grown,
 And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
 When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer
 seemed to be,
 The Lord of Hosts He come one day, an' took him
 away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or
 fall,—
 Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
 And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word
 or frown,
 Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife from
 town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
 She was quite conceity, an' carried a heap o' style;
 But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
 But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
 But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things
 too fur;
 An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made
 her sick),
 That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done,—
 They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
 And a very little cottage for one family will do,
 But I never saw a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please
 her eye,
 An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
 But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
 When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
 And she was always a hintin' how snug it was for us all;
 And what with her husband's sisters, and what with
 childr'n three,
 'Twas easy to discover that there was no room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
 For Thomas' buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;

But all the childr'n was on me—I couldn't stand their
sauce—

And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to
boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out
West,

And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at
best;

And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one
so old,

And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me
about—

So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old
heart out;

But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put
down,

Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the
town.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—my childr'n dear, good-
bye!

Many a night I've watched you when only God was
nigh;

And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

BY E. L. BEERS.

“Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey,
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

“Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I’ve loved so long and well,
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop,
Sailing up the Tennessee.

“And, Pompey, while old Massa’s waiting
For death’s last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shouts and points to Union colors,
On the waves of Tennessee.”

“Massa’s berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darkey’s happy here,
Where he’s tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long-gone year.
Over yonder Missis’ sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

“’Pears like she was watching Massa,
If Pompey should beside him stay;
Mebbe she’d remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of heaven,
While he lived in Tennessee.”

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,

As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee;—

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bade the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silvery hair;
Still the bondman, close beside him,
Stands behind the old arm-chair,
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder,
Something glitters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee."

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you:
Give a freeman's shout with me,—
'GOD AND UNION!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
 And the limbs refused to stand;
 One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
 Glided to that better land.
 When the flag went down the river,
 Man and master both were free,
 While the ring dove's note was mingled
 With the rippling Tennessee.

*YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S
 GRAVE.*

BY C. E. L. HOLMES.

With sable-draped banners, and slow-measured tread,
 The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;
 And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
 Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love;
 Once more through the gateway the saddened lines
 move—

A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,
 Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;
 Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child
 Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

“ Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—
 Why! why! did you pass by my dear papa's grave?
 I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
 As ever marched into the battle with you—
 His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,
 You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
 For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,
 And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.
 He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,
 In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod
 Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight—
 And died shouting, ‘ Onward! for God and the right!’
 O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
 But you haven't put *one* on *my* dear papa's grave.

If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died.”

“Battalion! file left! countermarch!” cried the chief,
“This young orphan’d maid hath full cause for her
grief.”

Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan’s sigh.

“This way, it is,—here sir—right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me.”

“Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound,—
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground.”

“Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne’er can repay
The kindness you’ve shown little Daisy to-day;
But I’ll pray for you here, each day while I live,
’Tis all that a poor soldier’s orphan can give.

“I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma, too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know ’twill come true;
And they will both bless you, I know, when I say
How you folded your arms round their dear one to-day—
How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast;
And when the kind angels shall call *you* to come,
We’ll welcome you there to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,
And the beautiful flowers ne’er weep o’er a grave.”

THE OLD READING CLASS.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

I can not tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number
Three,
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line,
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.

We did not spare the energy in which our words were
clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we
had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so
free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District
Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's
thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden
gust:
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when trav-
elers would pass;
The maple trees along the road stood shivering in their
class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold
and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us
to come—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had
been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number
Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and
flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important
names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy
play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for
one day;"
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed, to creak at every
joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will
agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number
Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we can not find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer);
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill, with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,

And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
 It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
 A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

ST. PATRICK'S MARTYRS.

I wonder what the mischief was in her, for the mistress
 was niver contrary,
 But this same is just what she said to me, just as sure as
 my name is Mary;
 "Mary," says she, all a-smiling and swate like, "the
 young ladies are coming from France,
 And we'll give them a welcome next Monday, with an
 elegant supper and dance."

"Is it Monday, ye're maning? says I; "ma'am, why
 thin, I'm sorry to stand in your way,
 But it's little of work I'll do Monday, seeing that Mon-
 day's St. Patrick's Day;
 And sure it's meself that promised to go wid Cousin
 Kitty Malone's brother Dan,
 And bad luck to Mary Magee," says I, "if she disap-
 points such a swate young man!"

"Me children have been away four years"—and she
 spoke in a very unfeelin' way—
 "Ye cannot expect I shall disappoint them, either for
 you or St. Patrick's Day;
 I know nothing about St. Patrick." "That's true for
 ye, ma'am, more's the pity," says I,
 "For it's niver the likes of ye has the luck to be borne
 under the Irish sky."

Ye see I was getting past jokin'—and she sitting there
 so aisy and proud,
 And me thinking of the Third Avenue, and the proces-
 sion, and music, and crowd;

And it crossed me mind that minit consarning Thady
Mulligan's supper and dance,
Says I, "It's not Mary Magee, ma'am, that can stay for
ladies coming from France."

"Mary," says she, "two afternoons each week—ivery
Wednesday and ivery Monday—
Ye've always had, besides ivery early Mass, and yer
Vespers ivery other Sunday,
And yer friends hev visited at me house, two or three of
them ivery night."
"Indade thin," says I, "that was nothin' at all but ivery
dacent girl's right!"

"Very well, thin," says she, "ye can lave the house,
and be sure to take wid ye yer 'right;'
And if Michael and Norah think just as ye do, ye can
all of ye lave to-night."
So just for St. Patrick's glory we wint; and, as sure as
Mary Magee is me name,
It's a house full of nagurs she's got now, which the
same is a sin and a shame.

Bad luck to them all! A body, I think, had need of a
comfortable glass;
It's a miserable time in Ameriky for a dacent Irish-born
lass,
If she sarves the saints, and is kind to her friends, then
she loses her home and her pay,
And there's thousands of innocent martyrs like me on
ivery St. Patrick's Day.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

BY ALICE CARY.

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short, green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all a-blush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words.
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.
Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,

The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—

God knoweth if he be living now;
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay,
With my great-hearted brother on her deck!
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea.

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half hour, the great yellow star,
That we with staring; ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see,
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
The other, a bird held fast by the legs,

Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as
though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

“SOCKERY” SETTING A HEN.

MEESTER VERRIS: I see dot mosd efferpoty wrides something for de shicken bapers nowtays, and I tought praps meppe I can do dot, too, so I write al about vot dook blace mit me lasht summer; you know—oder uf you dond know, den I tells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long time ago, und von tay she sait to me “Sockery” (dot is

mein name), "vy dond you put some uf de aigs under dot old plue hen shickens. I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe, I guess I vill," so I bicked oud some uf de best aigs, und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side of de haymow, poud fife six veet up; now you see I nefer was ferry big up und down, but I vos booty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up til I vent and got a parrel do stant on; vell, I klimmet on de parrel, und ven my hed rise up by the nesht, de olt hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel het preak, und I vent town kershlam, by cholly. I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel before, but dere I vas, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't git me oud efferway; my fest (vest) vas bushed vay up under my arm-holes. Ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom and see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood and aigs, by cholly, she chust lait town on de hay und laft und laft till I got so mat I sait, "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? vy dond you koom bull me oud?" und she set up and sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town;" den she laid back und laft like she vould sphlit herself more as ever. Mat as I vas I thought to myself, Katrina, she sbeak English pooty goot, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" Und she see dot I look pooty red, so she sait, "Of course I vill, Sockery," den she lait me und de parrel down on our site, und I dook holt de door sil, und Katrina she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet, "Donner und blitzen, shtop dot, by golly; dere is nails in de parrel!" You see de nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount; vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naypor Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koom und he like to sphlit himself wit laf, too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I git up mit half a parrel around my vaist. Den Katrina she say: "Sock-

ery, wait a little till I get a battren of dot new oferskirt you haf on." But I didn't wait a vort. I shust got a nife, und vittle de hoops off, und shling dot confount ole parrel in de vootpile.

Pimepy, ven I koom in de house, Katrina, she said, so soft like: "Sockery, dond you goin' to but some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" Den I said, in my deepest voice: "Katrina, uf you ever say dot to me again I'll get a pill from you, so help me chiminy cracious!" und I dell you she didn't say dot any more. Vell, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it—I git a pox.

CAOCH O'LEARY.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
 When I was a little fellow,
 A piper wandered to our door;
 Gray-headed, blind, and yellow;
 And oh! how glad was my young heart
 Though earth and sky looked dreary,
 To see the stranger and his dog,
 Poor Pinch, and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his bags,
 Cross-barred with green and yellow;
 I thought and said, in Ireland's ground
 There's not so fine a fellow.
 And Fineen Burke, and Shaun McGee,
 And Eily, Kate and Mary
 Rushed in with panting haste to see
 And welcome Caoch O'Leary.

Oh, God be with those happy times
 Oh, God be with my childhood;
 When I bareheaded roamed all day,
 Birds-nesting in the wildwood.
 I'll not forget those happy times,
 However years may vary,
 I'll not forget my early friends,
 Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Pinch and Caoch slept well that night,
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play,
The wind that shakes the barley;
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried—"God mark my deary,"
And how I wept when he said "Farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary."

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although I thought him "dead and gone"
And in the cold clay rotten.
And often when I walked and danced
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking;
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his side a lame man limped,—
'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe begone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
Ay,—Time is even blending
The colors on his threadbare "bag"—
And "Pinch" is twice as weary,
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried,
"Far, far, be hell's black viper;
Does anybody hereabouts
Remember Caoch the Piper?"

With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
The old man murmured "Deary!
Are you the silky-headed child,
That lov'd poor Caoch O'Leary!"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking,—
"And where *a vhic machree*," he sobbed,
"Is all the merry making
I found here twenty years ago?"—
"The tale," I sighed, "might weary,
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo?" the old man said,
And wrung his hands in sorrow,
"Pray lead me in, *asthore machree*,
And I'll go home to-morrow.
My peace is made, I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With Pinch I watched his bed that night,
Next day his wish was granted;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
The neighbors came; we dug his grave,
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep,—
God rest you, Caoch O'Leary.

NUMBER ONE.

BY HOOD.

It's very hard! and so it is, to live in such a row,
and witness this, that every miss but me has got a beau.
For love goes calling up and down, but here he seems
to shun; I'm sure he has been asked enough to call at
Number One! I'm sick of all the double knocks that

come to Number Four! At Number Three, I often see a lover at the door; and one in blue, at Number Two, calls daily, like a dun—it's very hard they come so near, and not to Number One! Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear, exactly to her mind, by sitting at the window pane without a bit of blind; but I go in the balcony, which she has never done, yet arts that thrive at Number Five don't take at Number One! 'Tis hard with plenty in the street, and plenty passing by,—there's nice young men at Number Ten, but only rather shy; and Mrs. Smith, across the way, has got a grown-up son; but la! he hardly seems to know there is a Number One! There's Mr. Wick, at Number Nine, but he's intent on pelf, and, though he's pious, will not "love his neighbor as himself." At Number Seven there was a sale,—the goods had quite a run! and here I've got my single lot on hand at Number One! My mother often sits at work, and talks of props and stays, and what a comfort I shall be in her declining days! The very maids about the house have set me down a nun; the sweethearts all belong to them that call at Number One! Once only when the flue took fire, one Friday afternoon, young Mr. Long came kindly in, and told me not to swoon. Why can't he come again without the Phoenix and the Sun? We cannot always have a flue on fire at Number One. I am not old! I am not plain, nor awkward in my gait; I am not crooked like the bride that went from Number Eight. I'm sure white satin made her look as brown as any bun; but even beauty has no chance, I think, at Number One! At Number Six, they say Miss Rose has slain a score of hearts; and Cupid, for her sake, has been quite prodigal of darts. The imp they show with bended bow,—I wish he had a gun! but if he had, he'd never deign to shoot at Number One. It's very hard! and so it is, to live in such a row! and here's a ballad singer come, to aggravate my woe. O take away your foolish song, and tones enough to stun; there is "Nae luck about the house," I know, at Number One.

DEITSCHÉ ADVERTISEMENT.

BY C. TOLER WOLFE.

Mine horse is shloped, and I'm avraid
He has been taken, shtolen or shtrayed;
Mine pig plack horse dat looks so sphry,
Pout fourteen oder twelve hands high;
He hash been got shoot four feet plack,
Mit shtriped shpots all down his pack,
Two legs before, and two behind—
Pe sure you keep all this in mind.
He's plack all over, dat is true,
All but his vace, and dat's plack too;
He drots and ganter, vaux and paces,
And outvorks Pelzepub in draces;
And ven he gallops in der shstreet
He vaux upon his legs and feet;
Von leg goes down, and den the oder,
Und always follows von anoder;
He hash two ears shtuck 'pon his head,
Bote of dem's neider vite nor red,
But bote alike, shust von you see,
Ish placker than the oder pe;
He's got two eyes dat looks von vay,
Only he lost one toder day,
So, ven you wants to take a ride,
Shump on his pack on toder side,
And it is shust as gospel drue,
His eye vat's plind will not see you.
His dail's pehind him long and shleek,
Only I cut him off last veek,
Und derefore 'tis not any more
As half so longer as pefore.
He cocks his ear, and looks so gay,
Und vill not shtart and run away,
But ven he's scart, he make von shpring,
Und shumps apout like every ding;
He rides apout mit chaise and cart,
I never see such horse for smart;
Und sometimes he go on de road,

Mitout nopody for his load
 But pag of corn, and takes de track,
 Mit little poy upon his pack.
 Mine horse ish not so very old,
 Not half so young as ven he's foaled,
 And ven he gallop, rear or shump,
 His head come all pefore him plump.
 And den his dail goes all pehind;
 Put sometimes, ven he takes a mind,
 Gets mad and durns all round, be sure,
 Vy den his dail goes all pefore.
 Whoever vill my plack horse got,
 Shall pay ten dollars on the sphot;
 And if he brings der tief alive
 Vy den he pays me twenty-five,
 Mitout no questions axed by me.
 By mine advertisement you'll see
 I live out here by Schneider's Gap,
 Near Schotoffelfunk's.

HER LETTER.

I am sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
 In a robe even you would admire,—
 It cost a cool thousand in France;
 I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue;
 In short, sir, the "belle of the season,"
 Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
 I left in the midst of a set;
 Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
 They say he'll be rich—when he grows up,—
 And then he adores me indeed,
 And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
 "And what do I think of New York?"
 "And now, in my higher ambition,
 With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
 "And isn't it nice to have riches,
 And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
 "And isn't it a change from the ditches
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
 Each day in the park, four in hand—
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
 To look supernaturally grand—
 If you saw papa's picture, as taken
 By Brady, and tinted at that,
 You'd never suspect he sold bacon
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
 In the glare of the great chandelier—
 In the bustle and glitter befitting
 The "finest *soiree* of the year,"
 In the midst of a *gaze de Chambery*,
 And the hum of the smallest of talk—
 Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
 And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
 Of flags festooned over the wall;
 Of the candles that shed their soft luster
 And tallow on headdress and shawl;
 Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
 Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*,
 And how I once went down the middle
 With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
 On the hill, when the time came to go;
 Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
 From under their bedclothes of snow;
 Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;

Of—the something you said at the gate;
 Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
 To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
 To think, as I stood in the glare
 Of fashion, and beauty, and money,
 That I should be thinking, right there,
 Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Follansbee's daughter,
 The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
 (Mamma says my taste still is low,)
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
 And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
 Whatever's the meaning of that—
 O why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
 Good-night—if the longitude please—
 For maybe while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it on Poverty Flat.

SELLING THE FARM.

BY BETH DAY.

Well! why don't you say it, husband? I know what
 you want to say;
 You want to talk about selling the farm, for the mort-
 gage we cannot pay.
 I know that we cannot pay it; I have thought of it o'er
 and o'er;

For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where wheat
never failed before,
And everything here's gone backward since Willie went
off to sea,
To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the homestead,
for you and me.
I know it was best to give it; it was right that the debts
be paid,—
The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hours of
his weakness, made;
And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it as well
as I,
If the ship had not gone down that night, when no
other ship was nigh.
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've tried
to pray—
(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd surely
been here to-day).
I thought that the merciful Father would somehow
care for the lad,
Because he was trying to better the past, and because
he was all we had.
But now I am well-nigh hopeless, since hope for my
boy has fled,
For selling the farm means giving him up, and knowing
for sure he's dead.
Oh, Thomas! how can we leave it, the home we have
always known?
We won it away from the forest, and made it so much
our own.
First day we kept house together was the day that you
brought me here;
And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever be
half so dear.
Of course you remember it, Thomas,—I need not ask
you, I know,
For this is the month, and this is the day,—it was twenty-six years ago.
And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter the
barn was made,

How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts were paid?

The crops were good that summer, and everything worked like a charm,

We felt so rich and contented, to think we had paid for the farm.

And now to think we must leave it, when here I was hoping to die;

It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the fount of my tears is dry.

There's a man up there in the village that's wanting to buy, you say;

Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it; but why does he come to-day?

But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have enough to bear,

And in all of our petty troubles you always have borne your share;

I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish grown:

There, there, go on to the village; let me have it out alone.

Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary and slow;

There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-six years ago.

But I know that his heart is youthful as it was when we first were wed,

And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for Willie, our boy that's dead.

Oh, Willie, my baby Willie! I never shall see him more: I shall never hear his footsteps as he comes through the open door.

"How are you, dear little mother?" were always the words he'd say;

It seems as if I would give the world to hear it again to-day.

I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so early or late,

He was always a whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as he opened the garden gate.

And many and many a moment, since the night the ship went down,
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the road from town;
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence early and late,
Have I held my breath at a footstep that seemed to pause at the gate.

I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul may be;
It would grieve him to know the trouble that's come to father and me.
Out there is the tree he planted the day he was twelve years old;
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its leaves to gold;

And often when I was lonely, and no one near at hand,
I have talked to it hours together, as if it could understand;
And sometimes I used to fancy whenever I spoke of my boy,
It was waving its leaves together, like clapping its hands for joy.

It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to buy to-day,
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and burning it out of the way.
And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he helped to tend:
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as a tried old friend.

And now we must go and leave them,—but there they come from town;
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to change my gown.

I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting late,
And the stranger's a whistling "Home, Sweet Home,"
as he comes up from the gate.

I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to look on his face!
What right has he to be whistling that, unless he has bought the place?
Why, can that be Thomas coming? he usually steps so slow;
There's something come into his footsteps like twenty-six years ago.
There's something that sounds like gladness, and the man that he used to be
Before our Willie went out from home to die on the stormy sea.
What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and holding my hands so tight?
Why don't you tell me quickly—must we go from the farm to-night?
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of wonderful joy?"
It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my boy.
Oh Thomas! You cannot mean it! Here, let me look in your face.
Now, tell me again it is Willie that's wanting to buy the place.

AUX ITALIENS.

BY ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;

And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way
As we heard him sing while the gas burned low,
Non ti scordar di me?

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye;
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood near the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone in his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over:
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked; she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien

To my early love with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past,)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her. . . . well, we'll let that pass—
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face; for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say;
For Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,

If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

NATIONS AND HUMANITY.

BY GEO. W. CURTIS.

It was not the olive valleys and orange groves which made the Greece of the Greeks. It was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plow in the furrow, and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, and to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold Von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God, and the satisfied sense of duty.

So through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely, and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, that army must still march, and fight, and fall.

But countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations, he is a man. The end of his human destiny is not to be the best German, or the best Roman, or the best father; but the best man he can be.

History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together toward one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan, forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds,—slowly, slowly over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crimes, advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. The man faints, and falls, and dies, and is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion,—love of freedom and love of God, are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look, and learn justice, while they tremble; to us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the Old World are our teachers.

Our faith is in God and the Right; and God himself is, we believe, our Guide and Leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error, and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God's good time, and in clearer sky and purer atmosphere our national life grow stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and true.

And so, with our individual hearts strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and

law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

What, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist!—ah, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind with the mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear,—
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before, at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening prayer!
My brother! would I had died for thee,—
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me; he could not speak,
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for awhile I forgot my pain,

And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then in my dream we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by a brother's hand.

* * * * *

The soldiers who buried the dead away,
Disturbed not the clasp of that long embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

SCHLAUSHEIMER DON'T GONCILIATE.

BY VON BOYLE.

His name vas Schlausheimer, vot mendedt furnitoor, and put cane seats in de pottoms of a shair. He had vone vife py his secondt marriages, und she called him her secondt-handt huspandt on accountt he was married pefore to anoder vomans py de name Gretchen, vot had red hair und green eyes. Schlausheimer used to say he vas pooty vell marriedt, not on accountt he vas marriedt many, like olt Brigham Young, but on accountt he vas married mooch—250 pounds avoirdutroy, —dot vas his vife.

Mrs. Schlausheimer she vas fat like a peer parrels, und Schlausheimer he vas fat like a match.

Dey had ten shildren between dem. Two vas boys, two vas girls, dree vas a dwin, two vas a driplet, und vone vas a quadruped—or I tink dey called dot double-pair dwins a quartette, on account of de noises dey made.

Und he had on accountt of his first vife py de name of Gretchen, also, ten shtep-shildrens. Und efery single vone of dot shtep-shildrens vas dwins.

I vent von tay to Schlausheimer's on accountt he did not brought a shair he vas mending pack, und I found dem playing de Franco-Prussian war.

"Vot's all dot droubles?" said I.

Vell, Mrs. Schlausheimer had a proomstick her hand in, und she was drying to poke a cat or sometings from oudt de pet unter. She look up und say:

"Mr. Von Boyle, I can do notings met dot Schlausheimer."

"Did you tried moral bersuasion mit him once?" says I.

Vell, pefore she could answer dot, dot cat comes vrom de ped unter oudt, und it vasn't not any cat at all; it vas Schlausheimer, und he says:

"Mr. Von Boyle, I vill tolt you de kindt of moral bersuasions my vife makes use mit me oudt. She calls me tay behindt yesterday an olt lager-peer saloon."

Den Mrs. Schlausheimer broke in:

"But didn't you told me I vas a voman's rights confention?"

Den Schlausheimer broke out:

"But didn't you nearly, mit a proomstick on accountt of dot, proke my arm!"

Den Mrs. Schlausheimer she says:

"But dot vas his own fault, Mr. Von Boyle. I vas shoost going to rap him a little on de head, und if he didn't put up his arm it vouldn't got hurt, like a fool. Schlausheimer, every cent he gets, he sphend him in visky. Und den he haf such a pad indisposition he comes and peats me home."

"Vell," says I, "can you not in some manner gonciliate him?"

"I do eferytings I can found oudt," says she, "to gonciliate him. I schold him, I pull his eyes, und scratch his hair, I kicks him de bedt oudt—but *he don't gonciliate.*"

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

BY KATE P. OSGOOD.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane;

One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He could never let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,—

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats' flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer dew grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew;—

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn.
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

THE FAMINE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

Oh, the famine and the fever!
Oh, the wasting of the famine!
Oh, the blasting of the fever!

Oh, the wailing of the children!
Oh, the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minniehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze, and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

“Gitche Manito, the mighty!”
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
“Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!”
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
“MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!”

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne’er forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the loving Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
“I will follow you, my husband!”

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
“Hark!” she said, “I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha

Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine trees!"
"Look!" she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness.
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumber'd branches!
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rush'd into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro, and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him!
And his bursting heart within him
Utter'd such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moan'd and shudder'd,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he cover'd.
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments;
Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,
Cover'd her with snow, like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguish'd,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever

Wear the heart, and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

THE VAGABONDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings,)
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect

(Here's to you, sir!) of even my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets.
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentleman gives a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—

The same old story: you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—

You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:

I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,

Whose head was happy on this breast!

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you wouldn't have
guessed

That ever I, sir, should be straying

From door to door, with fiddle and dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing

To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:

'Twas better for her that we should part,—

Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once; I was weak and spent;

On the dusty road a carriage stopped:

But little she dreamed, as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me a-talking, sir; I'm sorry;

It makes me wild to think of the change!

What do you care for a beggar's story?

Is it 'musing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me!

'Twas well she died before—do you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden

This pain; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could
 No doubt, remembering things that were,—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink:—
 The sooner the better for Roger and me!

THE IRISH WOMAN'S LETTER.

And sure, I was tould to come in till yer honor,
 To see would ye write a few lines to me Pat,
 He's gone for a soger, is Misther O'Conner,
 Wid a shripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

And what 'ill ye tell him? shure it must be aisy
 For the likes of yer honor to spake wid the pen,
 Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy
 (The baby, yer honor), is better again.

For when he wint off, so sick was the crayther
 She never hilt up her blue eyes till his face;
 And when I'd be cryin' he'd look at me wild like,
 And ax "Would I wish for the counthry's disgrace?"

So he left her in danger, and me sorely gravin',
 And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
 And it's often I drame of the big drums a-batin',
 And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

Tell him to sind us a bit of his money,
 For the rint and the dochter's bill due in a wake,
 And—shure there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
 I' faith I've no right with such fradom to spake.

I'm over much thrifling, I'll not give ye trouble,
 I'll find some one willin'—oh, what can it be?
 What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
 Yer honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

Dead! Patrick O'Conner! O God, it's some ither,
 Shot dead! shure 'tis a wake scarce gone by,
 And the kiss on the chake of his sorrowin' mother,
 It hasn't had time yet, yer honor, to dhry.

Dead! dead! O God, am I crazy?
 Shure it's brakin' my heart ye are, tellin' me so,
 And what in the world will I do wid poor Daisy?
 O what can I do? O where can I go?

This room is so dark I'm not seein' yer honor;
 I think I'll go home.——And a sob, hard and dry,
 Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
 But never a teardrop welled up to her eye.

CUDDLE DOON.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
 "Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues:
 Your father's comin' in."
 They never heed a word I speak,
 I trie to gie a froon;
 But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
 He aye sleeps next the wa'—
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
 The rascal starts them a'.
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
 They stop awee the soun'—
 Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance:
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks;
He'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up and cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weens been gude!" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon,
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just before we bed oorsels,
We look at our wee lambs,
Tam has his arm round' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his arm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle down!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle down!"

EMMETT'S SPEECH OF VINDICATION.

That my memory may live in the respect of my countrymen I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself

from some of the 'charges' alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue; this is my hope,—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me,—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear) that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the ven-

geance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No!—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life,—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

SHE WANTED AN EPITAPH.

She came in from the country a few days ago and ordered a headstone for the grave of her departed husband. The marble cutter was to have it all ready yesterday, when she was to come in again with the inscription, have the letters carved on it, and take the stone away.

She was on time, but she wore an anxious, troubled look, having failed to write up such a notice as she thought the stone ought to bear.

“I want something that’ll do my poor dead Homer justiss,” she explained to the marble cutter. “I think I ought to have one or two verses of poetry, and then a line or two at the bottom—suthin’ like, ‘Meet me on the other shore.’”

The cutter said he thought he could get up something, and she entered the office and he took out twenty-three sheets of foolscap and three penholders, and set to work, while she held her breath for fear of disturbing his thoughts.

He ground away for a while, scratched out and wrote in, and finally said he’d got the neatest thing that ever went upon white marble. It read:

IN MEMORY
of
HOMER CLINK,
who died
October 13, 1873,
Aged 41 years, 7 months, 21 days.

My husband was a noble man,
Of me he lots did think;
And I'll never see another man
Like my dear Homer Clink.

"Isn't that bully?" asked the man as he finished reading the inscription.

"It's purty fair, but—," replied the widow.

"But what, madam?"

"Why, you see, he was good and kind, and was allus hum nights, and all that, but I *may* find another man just as good, you know. I have said that I wouldn't marry again, but I may change my mind, and I guess we'd better tinker up that verse a little. And besides, you didn't get anything on the bottom."

She went out and rambled among the tombstones, while the cutter ground away again, and just as she had become interested in a dog-fight he called her in and read the new inscription. The first part was as before, but his poetry read:

My husband is dead,
My poor Homer Clink,
And in the cold ground they have laid him;
He was always home nights,
Never got into fights,
But death came along and betrayed him.

I shall meet him on the other shore where all is lovely,
and where sickness never comes.

"There, how's that?" inquired the poet, a bland smile covering his face. "Seems to me as if that went right to the heart."

The woman took the paper, read the notice over four or five times, and finally said:

"I don't want to seem partickler about this, and I know I'm makin' a good deal of trouble. That would

do for most any one else—it's the real poetry, but I'd like suthin' kinder different, somehow. He was a noble man. He never gave me a cross word in his life—not one. He'd be out of bed at daylight, start the fire, and I never got up till I heard him grinding the coffee. He was a good provider, he was. He never bought any damaged goods because he could get 'em cheap, and he never scrimped me on sugar and tea, as some folks do. I can't help but weep when I think of him."

She sobbed away for a while, and then brightened up and said:

"Of course I'll meet him in heaven. It's all right. As I told you, I may never marry again, though I can't tell what I may be driven to. Just try once more."

She sat down to an old almanac, and the cutter resumed his pen. He seemed to get the right idea at once, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before he had the third notice ground out. It read:

IN MEMORY
of
HOMER CLINK,
who died

October 13, 1873,
Aged 41 years, 7 months, 21 days.

He was the kindest sort o' man;
He was a good provider,
And when a friend asked him to drink,
He always called for cider.

His wife she had a noble heart,
And though she may re-marry,
Whenever she thinks of Homer Clink,
Her heart a sigh will carry.

"That's good,—that just hits me!" exclaimed the widow, tears coming to her eyes. "I've got to go and do some trading; I'll be back in two hours. Put the inscription on handsome-like, and I shan't mind two dollars extra."

About noon her one-horse wagon backed up to the dealer's, and as the stone was loaded up, the widow's face wore a quiet smile of satisfaction.

ADDRESS TO A SKELETON.

ANONYMOUS.

[The MS. of this poem, which appeared during the first quarter of the present century, was said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the *Morning Chronicle* for publication. It excited so much attention, that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his *incognito*, and, we believe, has never been discovered.]

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,

Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

THE PICKET-GUARD.

ANONYMOUS.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,

As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,—
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips,—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,—
The foot-step is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's off duty forever.

RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

BY JOSEPH STORY.

[The following extract is taken from an oration delivered by Judge Story, Sept. 18, 1828, on the occasion of the commemoration of the first settlement of Salem, Massachusetts.]

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have

been from the beginning—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not"? Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be,—resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman—the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country:

“Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.”

MAHSR JOHN.

I heahs a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,
'Bout Washintum an' Franklum, an' sech genuses as
dose;

I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de p'int I's bettin'
on—

Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de grates' man de country ebber
growed—

You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long de
road!

He hel' his head up dis way, lik' he 'spised to see de
groun';

An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John wuz
'roun';

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me
I sees him right afore me now, jes' like he use' to be,
A-settin' on de gal'ry lookin' awful big an' wise,
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen suits,
An' kep' a nigger busy jus' a-blackin' ob his boots;
De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',
An' diamon's!—dey wuz in his shu't as thick as it would
hol'.

You heered me! 'twas a caution when he went to take
a ride,
To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side—
Mulatter Bill a-dribin', an' a nigger on behin';
An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin' whar dey
gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a heap
o' lan';
Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan';
He had a thousan' nigger—an' he worked 'em shore's
you born!
De oberseahs ud start 'em at de breakin ob de morn.

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you seed de
fun;
De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey ud be dar, ebry one,
Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for 'em to
dance,
An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a 'tickler sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed! De war it come an' sot de nig-
gers free,
An' now ol' Mahsr John ain't hardly wuf as much as me;
He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly gone—
An' I declar' I's sorry for pore ol' Mahsr John.

But when I heah 'em talkin' 'bout some sullybrated man,
I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,
An' den I 'lows dot in dem days, 'at I remembers on,
Dat gemmen warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr John!
—*Irwin Russell, in Scribner's Monthly.*



PETIT JEAN.

BY MARY A. BARR.

Up rose the sun o'er Egypt's tents,
 O'er Egypt's pyramids and sands,
 O'er fierce and fiery Marmelukes,
 And o'er Napoleon's veteran bands;
 The palms stood still in the hot air,
 The sad and silent Sphinx looked on,
 While over all the Afric sun,
 In burning, blinding splendor shone.

The Marmelukes fretted on their steeds,
 Their cimeters all bright and bare;
 The French stood grimly watching them,
 Napoleon in the center square.
 He pointed to the pyramids:
 "Comrades, from those grand heights, I say,
 The brave of forty centuries
 Will watch you draw your swords to-day!"

They answered him with ringing shouts,
 And ere the echoes died away
 The van like a tornado charged,
 Led by the brave and bold Desaix.
 Then while the trusty "Forty-third"
 Stood waiting for the word to charge,
 They saw their little drummer boy
 Come from the column of Du Farge.

With tottering steps and bleeding breast,
 But bravely beating still his drum,
 He said, with sad and tearful face,
 "Oh Forty-third! to you I've come;
 I've come to you, my regiment,
 For nothing but a child am I;
 I've come to you, my comrades brave,
 That you may teach me how to die!

"I'll never shame you, Forty-third;
I want to be as brave and true;
I want to die as brave men die;
So tell a poor child what to do."
Then Regnier gnawed his long gray beard,
And Joubert turned his head away:
The lad had been the pet of all,
And now they knew not what to say.

Till Regnier kissed the boy and spoke:
"Our Petit Jean, I see 'tis plain
Your place is with the Forty-third,
So beat us now the charge again.
Then follow, and we'll show you how
Death comes unto the soldier brave.
Comrades, salute the nine-year-old
Who'll bravely fill a soldier's grave."

The men's hearts glowed like living coals,
And Regnier cried, "Why do we stay?"
And to the roll of the little drum,
They rode upon their vengeful way;
But each one as he passed the child,
His sword with earnest purpose drew,
And cried, in brave or tender tones,
"Mon Petit Jean, adieu! adieu!"

"I come, my regiment, I come!"
But never Petit Jean again
His drum beat for the Forty-third:
They found him lying with the slain.
They put the medal on his breast,
Together clasped his childish hands,
And dug, with many a bitter tear,
A grave for him in Egypt's sands.

'Tis near a century ago,
But still his memory is green;
The regiment has not a name

So dear as that of Petit Jean.
And many a weary soldier has
To brave and noble deeds been stirred,
By the tale of the little nine-year-old,
Who died among the Forty-third.

EUGENE ARAM'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can,
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,

For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That poured upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read,
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
And slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

“And well,” quoth he, “I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

“One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold;
‘Now here,’ said I, ‘this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!’

“Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done;

There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone.

“Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;

And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill.

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain;
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal;
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice,—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is *nothing but a dream!*

“Down went the corpse with hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school

“O heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim.

“And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red.

All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

“All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime.

“One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave:
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,

Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave.

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool,
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from his wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I *hid* the murdered man;

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as midday task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And *still* the corpse was bare.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce, avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones;

Aye, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones.

"O God! that horrid, *horrid* dream
Besets me now *awake*;
Again, again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mold allow;
The horrid thing *pursues* my soul,—
It stands before me *now!*"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

MONA'S WATERS.

Oh! Mona's waters are blue and bright
When the sun shines out like a gay young lover;
But Mona's waves are dark as night
When the face of heaven is clouded over.
The wild wind drives the crested foam
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
And booming echoes drown the voice,
The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild against that mountain's side
The wrathful waves were up and beating,

When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came:
With anxious brow and hurried greeting.
He bade the widowed mother send
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging)
Her fair young son across the flood,
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
"Oh! yet delay, delay till morning,
For weak the hand that guides our bark,
Though brave his heart, all danger scorning."
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:
"The safety of my fortress tower
Depends on tidings he must bring
From Fairlee bank, within the hour.

"See'st thou, across the sullen wave,
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
That flag a message brings to me,
Of which my foes are little dreaming.
The boy *must* put his boat across
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger,)
And bring me back, with care and speed,
Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leaped lightly in;
Bold was his eye and brow of beauty,
And bright his smile as thus he spoke:
"I do but pay a vassal's duty;
Fear not for me, O mother dear!
See how the boat the tide is spurning;
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
And thou wilt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
Over the waves—the snowy-crested;
Now like a dart it sped along,
Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested;
And ever when the wind sank low,

Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
As long she watched, with streaming eyes,
That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore—the letters claimed;
Triumphant, heard the stranger's wonder
That one so young should brave alone
The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
And once again his snowy sail
Was seen by her,—that mourning mother;
And once she heard his shouting voice—
That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind, wide flapped the sail,
A crashing peal of thunder followed;
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed.
The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son, who had no brother!
She raised his arm—the hand was closed;
With pain his stiffened fingers parted,
And on the sand three letters dropped!—
His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending;
A purse of gold he flung beside
That mother, o'er her dead child bending.
Oh! wildly laughed that woman then,
“Glenvarloch! would ye dare to measure
The holy life that God has given
Against a heap of golden treasure?”

"Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor;
But know, proud man, that God hath power
To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
The chieftain in his fortress tower.
Frown on! frown on! I fear ye not;
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding,
And cold he lies for whose young sake
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back his cheerful voice,
That used to win my heart from sorrow?
Will silver warm the frozen blood,
Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?
Go back and seek your mountain home,
And when ye kiss your fair-haired daughter,
Remember him who died to-night
Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Old years rolled on, and new ones came—
Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;
But naught could bar the sickness out
That stole within fair Annie's bower.
The o'erblown floweret in the sun
Sinks languid down, and withers daily,
And so she sank,—her voice grew faint,
Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak floor
As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;
And from her sweet and serious eyes
They seldom saw the dark lid lifting.
"Bring aid! Bring aid!" the father cries;
"Bring aid!" each vassal's voice is crying;
"The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
Her pulse is faint,—her life is flying!"

He called in vain; her dim eyes turned
And met his own with parting sorrow,
For well she knew, that fading girl,
That he must weep and wail the morrow.

Her faint breath ceased; the father bent
And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter.
What thought he on? The widow's son,
And the stormy night by Mona's water.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast,
Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks pre-eminent in snow;
A sounding river rushes past,
So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.
A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river's brink,
As weird and wild as you can think.
A mighty chief is at her feet;
She does not heed him wooing so—
She hears the dark, wild waters flow;
She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
From far gold fields of Idaho,
Beyond the beaming peaks of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs in air—
His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
She turns; she lifts her round, brown hand;
She looks him fairly in the face:
She moves her foot a little pace
And says, with coldness and command:
"There's blood enough in this lorn land.

"But see! a test of strength and skill,
Of courage and fierce fortitude,
To breast and wrestle with the rude
And storm-born waters, now I will
Bestow you both. Stand either side.
Take you my left, tall Idaho;

And you, my burly chief, I know
Would choose my right. Now peer you low
Across the waters wild and wide.
See! leaning so this morn I spied
Red berries dip yon farther side.
See, dipping, dripping in the stream,
Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam!
Now this, brave men, shall be the test:
Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth,
To cut yon bough for bridal wreath.
Plunge in! and he who bears him best,
And brings yon ruddy fruit to land
The first, shall have my heart and hand."

Two tawny men, tall, brown, and thewed
Like antique bronzes rarely seen,
Shot up like flame. She stood between
Like fixed, impassive fortitude.
Then one threw robes with sullen air,
And wound red fox-tails in his hair;
But one with face of proud delight,
Entwined a crest of snowy white.
She stood between. She sudden gave
The sign, and each impatient brave
Shot sudden in the sounding wave;
The startled waters gurgled round;
Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.

Oh, then awoke the love that slept!
Oh, then her heart beat loud and strong!
Oh, then the proud love pent up long
Broke forth in wail upon the air!
And leaning there she sobbed and wept,
With dark face mantled in her hair.
Now side by side the rivals plied,
Yet no man wasted words or breath,
And all was still as stream of death.
Now side by side their strength was tried;
And now they breathless paused and lay

Like brawny wrestlers well at bay.
And now they dived, dived long, and now
Two black heads lifted from the foam,
And shook aback the dripping brow,
Then shouldered sudden glances home.

They near the shore at last; and now
The foam flies spouting from a face
That laughing lifts from out the race.
The race is won, the work is done!
She sees the climbing crest of snow;
She knows her tall, brown Idaho.
She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
While tears are streaming from her eyes:
"O splendid, kingly Idaho!
I kiss his lifted crest of snow;
I see him clutch the bended bough!
'Tis cleft—he turns! is coming now!

"My tall and tawny king, come back!
Come swift, O sweet! why falter so?
Come, come! What thing has crossed your track?
I kneel to all the gods I know.
Oh come, my manly Idaho!
Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
Why, there is blood! the wave is red!
That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
Dives down, and hiding from my face,
Strikes underneath! He rises now!
Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
And lifts aloft his red fox head,
And signals he has won for me.
Hist, softly! Let him come and see.
Oh come, my white-crowned hero, come!
Oh come, and I will be your bride,
Despite yon chieftain's craft and pride.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
O God, he sinks! O Heaven! save

My brave, brave boy! He rises! See!
Hold fast, my boy! Strike, strike for me.
Strike straight this way! Strike firm and strong!
Hold fast your strength! It is not long—
O God, he sinks! He sinks! is gone!
His face has perished from my sight.

“And did I dream, and do I wake?
Or did I wake, and now but dream?
And what is this crawls from the stream?
Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake.
What! you, the red fox at my feet?
You first, and failing from the race?

“What! you have brought me berries red?
What! you have brought your bride a wreath?
You sly old fox with wrinkled face—
That blade has blood between your teeth.
Lie still, lie still! till I lean o'er
And clutch your red blade to the shore.
Ha, ha! Take that, and that, and that!
Ha! ha! So, through your coward throat
The full day shines!” Two fox-tails float
And drift and drive adown the stream.
“But what is this? What snowy crest
Climbs out the willows of the west,
All weary, wounded, bent and slow,
And dripping from his streaming hair?
It is, it is my Idaho!
His feet are on the land, and fair
His face is lifting to my face,
For who shall now dispute the race?”

ROMANCE OF THE HAMMOCK.

Shady tree—babbling brook.
Girl in hammock—reading book.

Golden curls—tiny feet,
Girl in hammock—looks so sweet.

Man rides by—big moustache,—
Girl in hammock makes a “mash!”
Mash is mutual—day is set,
Man and maiden—married get.

Married now a year and a day,
Keeping house in Avenue A,
Red-hot stove—beefsteak frying,
Girl got married—cooking trying.

Cheeks all burning—eyes all red,
Girl got married—almost dead.
Biscuit burnt up—beefsteak charry;
Girl got married—awful sorry.

Man comes home—tears moustache,
Mad as blazes—got no cash.
Thinks of hammock—in the lane;
Wishes maiden—back again.
Maiden also—thinks of swing,
And wants to go back too, poor thing!

Hour of midnight—baby squawking;
Man in bare feet—bravely walking;
The baby yells—now the other
Twin, he strikes up—like his brother.
Paregoric—by the bottle
Poured into—the baby's throttle.

Naughty tack—points in air,
Waiting some one's—foot to tear.

Man in bare feet—see him there!
O my gracious!—hear him swear!

Raving crazy—gets his gun
And blows his head off;
Dead and gone.

Pretty widow—with a book
In the hammock—by the brook.
Man rides past—big moustache;
Keeps on riding—nary “mash.”

CLEOPATRA'S DREAM.

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets,
They bar with purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze o'er my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamt I was with my Anthony,
In the dark Vesuvian bay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
The music has died away,
The flame and the perfume have perished
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep:
Reach down the lute and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
In the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover

The wary crocodile;
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement,
Never a ripple is rolled:
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather this buckle and sword,
And crash them and crash them together:
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo creamy white,
With roses under his feathers
That flash across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh! cockatoo shriek for Anthony!
Cry come, my love, come home!
Shriek, Anthony! Anthony! Anthony!
Till he hears you, even in Rome.

There, leave me, and take from my chamber
That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain—

Or by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
Where, the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset,
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
Circle its temple around.

I will lie and dream of the past time
Aeons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,
I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started,
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted giraffe fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone;

Then I roused and roared in anger,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet:
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm, flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
How powerful he was, and grand!
As down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we leaped upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted,
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!

Come to my arms, my hero,
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begin to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior wins a fortress!
I will not shrink nor cower.
Come as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then!



*EXTRACT FROM "THE LAST DAYS
OF HERCULANEUM."*

BY EDWIN ATHERTON.

There was a man,
 A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
 That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
 Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
 But generous, and brave, and kind.
 He had a son; it was a rosy boy,
 A little faithful copy of his sire
 In face and gesture. From infancy the child
 Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
 The father shared and heightened. But at length
 The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
 To fetters and to darkness. The captive's lot
 He felt in all its bitterness; the walls
 Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
 And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and
 touched

His jailer with compassion; and the boy,
 Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
 His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
 With his loved presence that in every wound
 Dropped healing.

But in this terrific hour
 He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
 Where he had been a cure. With earliest morn
 Of that first day of darkness and amaze,
 He came. The iron door was closed,—for them
 Never to open more! The day, the night,
 Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
 Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
 The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,

And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping, and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest, the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state.

On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk, and, with deep awe,
Listened to the fearful sounds. With upturned eye,
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood, that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,
And shivered as in fear; now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound
And longed to cope with death. He slept at last,—
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine, and was dark;
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies, throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness! With intensest awe

The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain; yet knew he not
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless
wound
Fate had already given.

Where, man of woe!
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou call'st
His name in vain, he cannot answer thee.
Loudly the father called upon his child,—
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong
haste

Trod round his stunted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth; no child was there.
Again he called; again, at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed, he strained, with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!
Yet still renewed; still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now;
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple; yells, and shrieks with rage;
And, like a desert lion in the snare,
Raging to break his toils, bounds to and fro.

But see! the ground is opening; a blue light
Mounts, gently waving, noiseless; thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow-tint, not flame:
But by its luster, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child! His dress is singed;

And o'er his face serene a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track. The father saw,
And all his fury fled: a dead calm fell
That instant on him; speechless, fixed, he stood;
And with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed; and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale

The father stands; no tear is in his eye;
The thunders bellow, but he hears them not;
The ground lifts like a sea,—he knows it not;
The strong walls grind and gape; the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubbles tossing in the wind;
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near,
Moves toward his father's outstretched arms his boy;
Once he has touched his garment; how his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha! see! he has him now! he clasps him round,
Kisses his face, puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes,—
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands,
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping, and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon, and swift,
And pangless. The huge pile sank down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation-stones—all—mingling—fell!



LASCA.

BY F. DESPREZ.

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The melee of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
And Lasca! Lasca used to ride

On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue *serape* and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or creeds;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet,
But once when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;

But she sobbed, and sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *reboso* about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown,—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,

I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take flight,
That nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I spring to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we
fared

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,

You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines, and the winter snows,
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides, and glitters, and slides,

Into the rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY GEO. A BAKER.

PART ONE.

"Come right in. How are you, Fred?
Find a chair, and get a light."

"Well, old man, recovered yet
From the Mathers' jam last night."

"Didn't dance. The German's old."

"Didn't you? I had to lead—
Awful bore! Did you go home?"

"No. Sat it out with Molly Mead.
Jolly little girl she is—

Said she didn't care to dance,
'Drather sit and talk to me—
Then she gave me such a glance!

"So, when you had cleared the room,
And impounded all the chairs,
Having nowhere else, we two
Took possession of the stairs.

"I was on the lower step,
Molly on the next above,
Gave me her bouquet to hold,
Asked me to undo her glove;
Then of course I squeezed her hand,
Talked about my wasted life;
'Ah! if I could only win
Some true woman for my wife,
How I'd love her—work for her!
Hand in hand through life we'd walk,
No one cared for me—
Takes a girl, that kind of talk.

"Then you know, I used my eyes—
She believed me, every word—
Said I 'mustn't talk so'—Jove!

Such a voice you never heard.
Gave me some symbolic flowers,—
Had a meaning, oh, so sweet,—
Don't know where it is, I'm sure;
Must have dropped it in the street.

"How I spooned! and she—ha! ha!—
Well, I know it wasn't right—
But she pitied me so much
That I—kissed her—pass a light!"

PART TWO.

"Molly Mead, well, I declare!
Who'd have thought of seeing you
After what occurred last night,
Out here on the Avenue!
Oh, you awful! awful girl!
There, don't blush, I saw it all."
"Saw all what?" "Ahem! last night—
At the Mathers in the hall."

"Oh, you horrid—where were you?
Wasn't he the biggest goose!
Most men must be caught, but he
Ran his own neck in the noose.

"I was almost dead to dance,
I'd have done it if I could,
But old Gray said I must stop,
And I promised ma I would.
So I looked up sweet and said
That I'd rather talk to him;
Hope he didn't see me laugh,
Luckily the lights were dim.

"My, how he *did* squeeze my hand!
And he looked up in my face
With his lovely big brown eyes—
Really, it's a dreadful case.

"'Earnest!'—I should think he was!
Why, I thought I'd have to laugh

When he kissed a flower he took,
Looking, oh! like such a calf.
I suppose he's got it now
In a wine-glass on his shelves;
It's a mystery to me
Why men *will* deceive themselves.

"Saw him kiss me,'—oh! you wretch,
Well, he begged so hard for one—
And I thought there'd no one know—
So I—let him, just for fun.

"I know it really wasn't right
To trifle with his feelings, dear,
But men *are* such stuck-up things;
He'll recover, never fear."

THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION.

BY GEORGE PUTNAM.

The wants of our time and country, the constitution of our modern society, our whole position, personal and relative, forbid a life of mere scholarship or literary pursuits to the great majority of those who go out from our colleges. However it may have been in other times and other lands, here and now but few of our educated men are privileged

"From the loopholes of retreat
To look upon the world, to hear the sound
Of the great Babel, and not feel its stir."

Society has work for us, and we must go forth to do it. Full early and hastily we must gird on the manly gown, gather up the loose leaves and scanty fragments of our youthful lore, and go out among men, to act with them and for them. It is a practical age; and our wisdom, such as it is, "must strive and cry, and utter her voice in the streets, standing in the places of the paths, crying in the chief place of concourse, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors."

This state of things, though not suited to the tastes and qualities of all, is not, on the whole, to be regretted by educated men as such. It is not in literary production only, or chiefly, that educated mind finds fit expression, and fulfils its mission in honor and beneficence. In the great theatre of the world's affairs there is a worthy and a sufficient sphere. Society needs the well-trained, enlarged, and cultivated intellect of the scholar in its midst; needs it and welcomes it, and gives it a place, or, by its own capacity, it will take a place of honor, influence, and power.

The youthful scholar has no occasion to deplore the fate that is soon to tear him from his studies, and cast him into the swelling tide of life and action. None of his disciplinary and enriching culture will be lost, or useless, even there. Every hour of study, every truth he has reached, and the toilsome process by which he reached it; the heightened grace, or vigor of thought or speech he acquired,—all shall tell fully, nobly, if he will give heed to the conditions. And one condition—the prime one—is, that he be a true man, and recognize the obligation of a man, and go forth with heart, and will, and every gift and acquirement dedicated, lovingly and resolutely, to the true and the right. These are the terms; and apart from these there is no success, no influence to be had, which an ingenuous mind can desire, or which a sound and far-seeing mind would dare to ask.

Indeed, it is not an easy thing, nay, it is not a possible thing, to obtain a substantial success and an abiding influence, except on these terms. A factitious popularity, a transient notoriety, or, in the case of shining talents, the doom of a damning *fame*, may fall to bad men. But an honored name, enduring influence, a sun brightening on through its circuit, more and more, even to its serene setting—this boon of a true success goes never to intellectual qualities alone. It gravitates slowly, but surely, to weight of character, to intellectual ability rooted in principle.



